



“A Child is Born to us.”

—(ISAIAH IX. 6)

“Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord” (Luke, II, 10).

PASSIONIST



ALMANAC

DECEMBER

1936

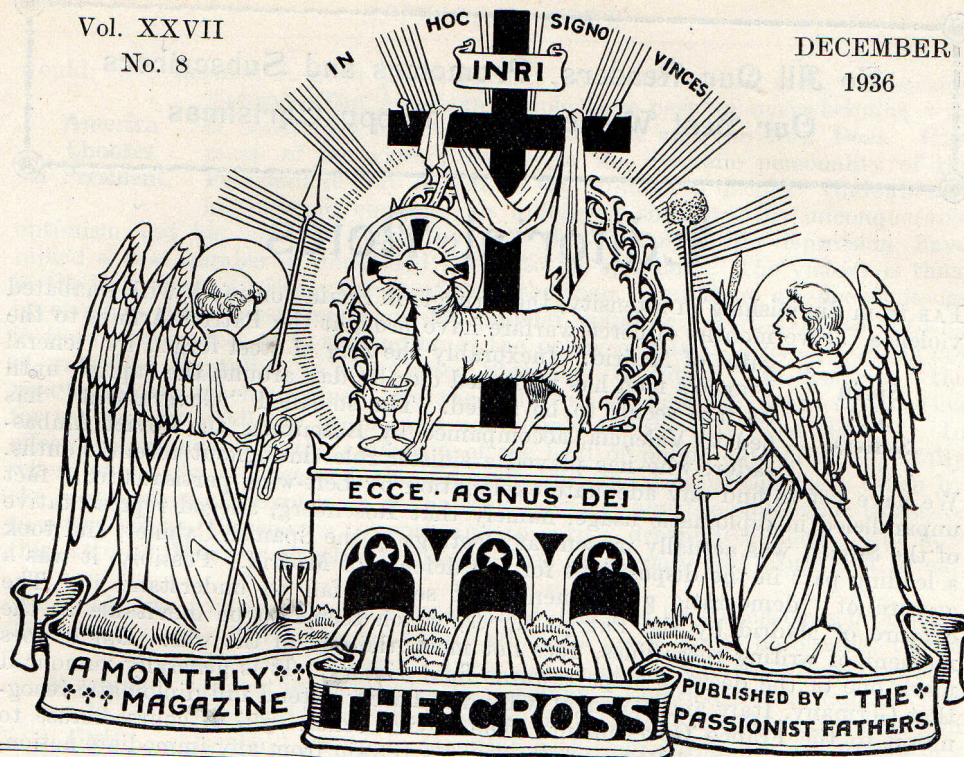
DATE	FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1 Tues.	Feria.	Rev. Fr. John (McMullan), C.P.—1934.
2 Wed.	St. Bibiana, V.M.	
3 Thurs.	St. Francis Xavier, C.	
4 Fri.	St. Peter Chrysologus, B.C.D.	
5 Sat.	Feria.	
6 SUN.	✠2nd SUNDAY OF ADVENT.	
7 Mon.	St. Ambrose, B.C.D.	
8 Tues.	✠THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. H.O.	Rev. Fr. Camillus (Carter), C.P.—1917.
9 Wed.	2nd day in Octave of Immaculate Conception.	Rev. Fr. Finbar (Ward), C.P.—1926.
10 Thurs.	Our Lady of Loreto;	Bro. Benignus (Reidy), C.P.—1925.
11 Fri.	St. Damasus, P.C.	Rev. Fr. Placid (Waring), C.P.—1920.
12 Sat.	5th day in Octave of Immaculate Conception.	Bro. Clement (Digney), C.P.—1895.
		Rev. Fr. Charles (Byrne), C.P.—1933.
13 SUN.	✠3rd SUNDAY OF ADVENT (Gaudete).	
14 Mon.	7th day in Octave of Immaculate Conception.	
15 Tues.	Octave of the Immaculate Conception.	
16 Wed.	St. Eusebius, B.M. (Quarter Tense). F.A.	
17 Thurs.	St. Lazarus, B.C.	
18 Fri.	Feria. (Quarter Tense). F.A.	Rev. Fr. Austin (Edgar), C.P.—1854.
19 Sat.	Feria. (Quarter Tense). F.	Rev. Fr. Justin (Muldoon), C.P.—1914.
		Rev. Fr. Chrysostom (Rothwell), C.P.—1922.
20 SUN.	✠4th SUNDAY OF ADVENT.	Rev. Fr. Honorius (Welsh), C.P.—1929.
21 Mon.	ST. THOMAS, Ap.	
22 Tues.	Feria.	
23 Wed.	Feria.	
24 Thurs.	Vigil of the Nativity. F.A.	Bro. Bonaventure (Kieley), C.P.—1883.
		Rev. Fr. Alban (Cowley), C.P.—1891.
		Rev. Fr. Wilfrid (O'Hagan), C.P.—1912.
		Rev. Fr. Basil (Moubert), C.P.—1912.
		Rev. Fr. John Baptist (Garvey), C.P.—1932.
25 Fri.	✠THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD. H.O.	
26 Sat.	ST. STEPHEN, Protomartyr.	
27 SUN.	✠ST. JOHN, APOSTLE and EVANGELIST.	
28 Mon.	THE HOLY INNOCENTS, MM.	Rev. Fr. Philip (Byrne), C.P.—1875.
29 Tues.	St. Thomas of Canterbury, B.M.	
30 Wed.	Of the Sunday in the Octave of Nativity.	Rev. Fr. Bertrand (Mangan), C.P.—1932.
31 Thurs.	St. Sylvester, P.C.	Rev. Fr. Leonard (Fryer), C.P.—1889.
		Rev. Fr. Hilary (Mara), C.P.—1925.

Abbreviations : H.O.—Holiday of Obligation. F.A.—Fast and Abstinence. F.—Fast only. Ap.—Apostle.
P.—Pope. M.—Martyr. B.—Bishop. C.—Confessor. D.—Doctor.

CONTENTS

	Page
EDITORIAL NOTES	
“THE CROSS ANNUAL”	<i>The Managing Editor</i> 324
MARY IMMACULATE	326
A SHEPHERD TOLD ME (Poem)	<i>Rev. Fr. Philip, C.P.</i> 327
NEWMAN TO CHESTERTON	<i>Dorothy M. Stuart</i> 329
RED RELIC	<i>Michael Walsh</i> 330
SOME CHURCHES OF ROME (XII)	<i>W. J. Randall</i> 333
THE MANGER (Poem)	<i>Rev. Victor Mann</i> 337
MOTHER URSULA'S WAY	<i>Rose A. Carter</i> 340
OBITUARY—FR. DUNSTAN (MCGURK), C.P.	<i>Maurice V. Reidy</i> 341
“WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED”	343
MENACE FROM THE LEFT	<i>Rev. Fr. Hubert, C.P.</i> 344
ART AND DOGMA	<i>Capt. T. W. C. Curd</i> 396
WARNING TO GIRLS	<i>John J. M. Ryan</i> 350
MAURA'S COTTAGE	<i>Alfred Grosch</i> 353
THE CHURCH AND THE CHURCHES	<i>Mary McDonnell</i> 355
LADYSLIPPER (Serial Story)	<i>Herbert A. Vane</i> 358
	<i>D. M. Anderson</i> 361

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The Peace of Christmas

The song of joy, chanted by the angelic host over the hills of Bethlehem, bore a reminder that Christ's own Christmas gift to a troubled world was the gift of peace—"and on earth peace to men of goodwill." This divine peace is especially characteristic of the Christmas season. Moreover, it cannot be pent-up and confined: it seeks to communicate itself to others. It is a fundamental motive of the seasonable joy and happiness so vividly apprehended and so urgently desired by all this blessed time.

Current events have made it peculiarly urgent that men should reflect upon the meaning of Christmas, and should submit themselves to its benign influence. We have all around us, even amongst those of different creeds and of opposite political opinions, many "men of goodwill." As the Christmas spirit settles down upon this fair land from coast to coast, let us devoutly hope that animosities and dark suspicions will dissolve before it, that there will be no relapsing into old hatreds after the ecstatic joy evoked by our contemplation of the Crib at Bethlehem.

Noteworthy, too, is the unity of spirit amongst rich and poor around the Crib. The Gospel reminds us that two classes of people went to adore the Infant Saviour. The shepherds offered Him their purity of heart, their child-like faith and the offering of the poor. The Kings offered Him their gold, frankincense and myrrh. Undoubtedly, they were both more than repaid in the happiness they felt as they departed from Bethlehem. May the abiding fruit of that peace appear once more in the dispelling of discord and the banishing of mutual suspicion from our midst.

J. Edmund, C.P.

To All Our Readers, Promoters and Subscribers
Our Best Wishes for a Happy Christmas

Editorial Notes

FAR from diminishing in intensity, the struggle in Spain continues with unabated violence. Five months of fierce warfare have brought the Patriot Armies to the gates of Madrid. Inexorably the ring of steel forged by General

**Spain
Still
Suffers.**

Franco's men has tightened day by day around the capital, until its fate seems to be sealed. The so-called "Government" has fled to Valencia, accompanied by Rosenberg, the Soviet Ambassador, who has played a sinister role throughout recent months.

We have yet to find any adequate explanation by Left-wing partisans for a fact unparalleled in diplomatic usage, namely that Rosenberg, alleged representative of the Soviet, was actually present at meetings of the Spanish Cabinet, and took a leading part in the dispositions for the defence of Madrid. Possibly, it was a gesture of "democratic government"—if so, we fail to understand it. The capture of Madrid by the Patriot forces, which seems to be inevitable at the moment of writing these lines, does not mean the end of the war. But it does mark one of the decisive steps towards final victory. It is generally rumoured that Germany, Italy and Portugal will immediately extend full diplomatic recognition to the Franco Government. The Soviet Union will, of course refuse to do so; and France and Britain will probably refrain from any immediate action, pending the ultimate decision of the war. And even when active hostilities have ceased, the question of Basque autonomy and the fate of the Generalidad of Catalonia will remain to be solved.

* * * * *

A LONG letter from Fr. John Joseph, C.P., Editor of our Spanish periodical, *Ecos de S. Felicísimo* gives some interesting particulars regarding events at Irun.

**Our
Brethren
in Spain.**

Everything remained normal at the Retreat until July 25th, when a woman Communist stationed herself at the doors of the church with a gun in her hand, threatening to shoot the first person to cross the threshold. She was soon joined by some comrades, and to avoid bloodshed, the Fr. Rector decided to close the church. Emboldened by this victory, the Communists sought to invade the monastery and to expel the religious. But the Fr. Rector called to his aid some Basque Nationalist volunteers, who persuaded the Reds to desist. The respite was only temporary. A few days later, a group of Reds, under pretext of seeking shelter from a bombing-raid, entered the monastery and took complete possession. There was only one course left for the religious and that was to abandon their home. Fr. John Joseph succeeded in crossing the frontier into France, and to the best of his knowledge, all the members of the community at Irun are safe, though dispersed. There is still, alas, no news from Madrid or from Barcelona; and where so many priests and religious have been massacred it is hardly possible that the Passionists escaped unscathed. From Valencia comes word that the religious succeeded in escaping from the fury of the Reds, and made their way through the town dressed in secular clothes. The Passionist Nuns of Deusto, near Bilbao, are also believed to be safe, although their convent is closed up. May we ask our readers to continue their prayers for the safety of our brethren.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH the majority of experienced political observers opined that President Roosevelt would emerge successful from the recent Presidential Election, few

would have deemed it even probable that he would secure such a smashing victory. The American people have cast an overwhelming vote of confidence in President Roosevelt and the New Deal. How much of the victory is due to the dynamic personality of the President it may be left to the pundits to decide. Undoubtedly his intrepid courage, his unfeigned sincerity, his unconquerable optimism and his manifest sympathy with the victims of the depression, have rallied a vast number of undecided voters to his standard. The victory is thus, in the first place, a victory for Roosevelt, the man. But there are deeper issues involved in this almost unprecedented popular mandate. Lord Lothian, writing in the *Observer*, sees in it the ending of the policy of *laissez-faire*, and of the era of unbridled capitalism in the United States. "In future" he declares, "the vast economic machine must, like the political machine, be made to function for the benefit of all the people and not mainly for the privileged classes." In effect this would mean the extension of the field of public enterprise, especially where monopoly is concerned, the diminution by taxation of the share taken by the rent-owners, the expansion of the social services and the endeavour to assure to every citizen the chance to work and to earn a decent livelihood. But how this is to be done, or whether it can be done at all only the future will reveal.

* * * * *

We would like to direct special attention to the article by Alfred Grosch on page 353 of this issue. The facts and figures which he gives should be brought to the attention of every Irish girl who is contemplating domestic service in England. It is common knowledge that hundreds of Irish girls leave Ireland annually to take up domestic service in England, without consulting with their parish-priest because they fear he will oppose their plans. The result is that they are often unaware of the dangers of their new environment, and they frequently fall from virtue and even from the Faith. These facts, shocking as they may be to our readers, are commonplace knowledge to every social worker in England. A few girls seek the advice and assistance of the various Catholic welfare organisations, which do so much to protect them from the dangers which they must encounter. But the majority are often left friendless and alone, wandering aimlessly in a strange city, an easy prey for those whose business it is to lay traps for the innocent and the unwary. There is nothing more heartrending than the plight of an Irish Catholic girl, slaving for a mere pittance, miles from a Catholic church—a pitiful waif in a world where everything is strange.

Warning to Girls.

Old Nuns

Old nuns in the chapel gallery
Waiting their Bridegroom patiently :
Sister Adelaide, eighty-four,
Palsied, able to walk no more ;
Sister Peter, whose eyes are blind,
Dying, but does not seem to mind ;
Sister Sylvia, simple now,
But manages to pray somehow ;
Sister Joseph and Sister John,
So runs the litany on and on ;
Nuns with crutches and nuns with canes,
Nuns bent over with aches and pains,
Nuns on prie-dieus and nuns in chairs,
Never again to go down stairs ;
Prisoners in the upper room
Waiting the call of the Heavenly Groom ;
Life has been lived and life is done,
Cometh the night with the battle won.

Old nuns in the chapel gallery,
Telling their chaplet whisperingly :
Glad to suffer as Jesus did,
Glad to be hidden as He was hid ;
Old veterans of God's Regiment,
With all of their soldier forces spent,
They think their usefulness has sped,
Old nuns just waiting to be dead.
But God smiles to Himself just there
As He hears the old nuns' ceaseless prayer,
For He knows his helpers best are they
Who do no more but suffer and pray,
And the young nuns leaving the world behind
And serving the Lord in the daily grind.
Guess not that their hands are held up high
By the gallery nuns who are soon to die.
Old nuns in the chapel gallery :
I know that it's part of Heaven I see.

HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D., in *The Angelus*.

The "Cross Annual"

1937

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PUBLICATION DATE: DECEMBER 12th.

As promised in our last issue, we publish below a list of contributions and contributors to the CROSS ANNUAL, 1937. Run your eye down the list and you will find that everything that you wanted is there. If you have a good imagination, take them all page by page, put an article here, a story there and poem just here; go to Lourdes and Prague for beautiful pictures and insert them in the most conspicuous places. Then wrap them up in a beautiful new Christmas cover (even you can't imagine how attractive this is). Sprinkle it over with Holly Berries. Put it into the Printing Press for a couple of hours, and deliver with Season's Greetings. See what you've got—

A Recipe

FOR A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS

The CROSS ANNUAL—unlike many other Christmas delicacies—will be enjoyed by all. The old will relish it and feel young again. The young people will never forgive you if Santa Claus does not leave it in their stockings.

As this December issue of THE CROSS must go to press before our final arrangements for the CROSS ANNUAL are complete, we are unable to give a full and complete list of the many and varied contributions which we have secured. Amongst the contents will be the following:—

THE CROSS, 1937	The Managing Editor.
The Church at Sea	John Gibbons.
Joseph was a Poor Man	Mary V. Angel.
Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy	V. Rev. Canon Kiely, P.P.
A Broken Journey	Gerald Geoghegan.
Campaigning for Christ	Rev. J. Hogan.
Second Floor Back	J. Charles Wareing.
The Divine Approach	Rev. Fr. Justin, C.P.
Christmas with the Writers	Sean Crawford.
To Lourdes by Auto-bus	John Doody.
Not in the News	Stanley B. James.
The Christmas Gift	Alice Dease.
A Hidden God	D. M. Anderson.
Picturesque Prague	Cathal O'Byrne.
A Christmas Reverie	Rev. Fr. Herbert, C.P.
Dr. Johnson and Ireland	Sean Gallagher.
Family Relatives of Our Lord	Rev. Fr. Hubert, C.P.
Dr. O'Mara's Christmas	Eleanor F. Kelly.
The Bells	Rev. W. J. Randall.
The Re-birth of Love	Maurice V. Reidy.
Pages for Young Readers	"Francis."

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Mary

Immaculate

REV. FATHER PHILIP, C.P.

"I am the Immaculate Conception" said Mary to Bernadette of Lourdes, announcing thus that the last defined of her privileges is the first jewel in her crown of graces :: :: :: ::

WITH these words Our Lady made herself known to Bernadette of Lourdes: "I am the Immaculate Conception." The phrase is strangely worded, the abstract noun commanding instant attention. It gives the impression of hidden depths of meaning. It is, indeed, reminiscent of the words with which God revealed Himself to Moses from the fire of the burning bush: "I am Who am." And just as in this expressive phrase, God almost gives a definition of Himself, declaring His very essence to be He Who alone exists by His nature, Who is fulness of being, so one may wonder whether Mary also is here manifesting the glorious privilege which is the root of the other "great things" which God has done for her. She is the Mother of the Redeemer. That is the apex of her privileges, the definition of her position in the Divine Plan. But is not the Immaculate Conception the base of her glories, the foundation upon which is raised the Tower of David? She identifies herself with her Immaculate Conception. What is the secret of this identification?

The Catholic Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is found in the definition of Pius IX (*Ineffabilis Deus*, Dec. 8th, 1854): "The Blessed Virgin Mary, in the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace granted by God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, was preserved from all stain of original sin."

Mary begotten in human fashion, by her parents Joachim and Anne, was a true descendant of Adam, and she should, save for the singular grace and privilege of God, have contracted the stain of original sin. But in view of the future dignity to which she was destined and in virtue of her Son's Sacred Passion, God prevented the normal course and never allowed the least stain to touch the soul of Mary. The soul of Mary newly created by God, is infused into her body and in that very instant is found endowed with grace. "She comes forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun."

It is a singular privilege. She alone of all the children of Adam's race is found unspotted and unstained by the inherited curse of his descendants. She like the rest could claim no exemption; she like the rest needed the Redemption of the Cross. But she alone was by the mercy of God and in view of the merits of Christ, preserved from all contamination with evil. "Thou art all fair, my beloved, and there is no spot in thee."

Mary is not alone in participating in the Redemption of her Son. All who are saved, receive of His Fulness—some early, some late in life. St. John the Baptist was cleansed in His Mother's womb; those who are born into the fold of the Church are cleansed by Baptism within a few days of birth; others not until adult age. But one cannot say that the difference between Mary and the rest is merely one of time, as if God only did for her in the beginning what He did for others later. The effect, the infusion of grace, may be the same. But the mode of Mary's sanctification has no parallel and no example, it is unique. It places Mary in a position never shared, never to be shared by another of God's creatures. For, she was never under the stain of sin, never under the thralldom of evil; never, for a single instant was Mary ranged with the enemies of God. True, it was no merit of hers, but a mercy of God—nevertheless the effect is the same.

This unique privilege has very real consequences on Our Blessed Lady's position in the Divine Plan of the Incarnation and Redemption.

From the earliest ages of the Church, Mary has been recognized as the Second Eve, partner of the Second Adam in repairing the evil of the Fall. In Adam we all sinned, Eve playing her baleful role in the primal tragedy. In Christ we are all saved, the greater Eve bearing a peerless part in the Redemptive work of the New Adam. In the Blood of Christ only are we saved, even as the curse was in Adam's sin only; yet God in His Providence has ordained that Mary should join with Christ in His Sacrifice, should stand at the foot of the Cross offering her Son, even as He offers Himself, abdicating her mother's rights, immolating so far as He belonged to her, the Divine Victim to placate the justice of God. (Cf. Benedict XV *Inter Sodalicia*, March 22nd, 1918). In the designs of Providence it was only at her *Fiat* that the Word was made Flesh; it was she who presented Him in the Temple for "the resurrection and fall of many"; it was she, who throughout thirty-three years kept in her heart the knowledge that one day He must be about His Father's business; and when that day came, it was she who stood at the foot of the Cross, at perfect oneness with Him in His Sacrifice, even though the sword of sorrow was piercing her soul. As no taunts would draw Him down from the Cross, neither from it, even if it were in her power, would the broken-hearted Mother assist Him. "He was offered because He willed it." His Passion was her Co-Passion. Mary, the perfect mother, the valiant woman was at one with Him even in the extremity of His Sacrifice. The Second and perfect Eve, Mary's heart and will was with the second Adam in His obedience "unto the death of the Cross."

This exalted position of Our Lady, it must be insisted, is in no way necessary nor prejudicial to the completeness of Redemption by Christ alone. "There is one God and one mediator of God and men—the man Christ Jesus (I Tim., ii, 5). "There is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv, 12). Mary's place is secondary and subordinate, in no way adding to the store of Christ's merits, and itself an effect of the grace merited by His Blood. Nevertheless it is a real sharing of His Passion, a Co-Passion whereby she merited with a merit of fitness (*de congruo*, as it is technically called) that which He merited in strict justice and by right of His Divine Personality.

It is clearly significant then, that in the Proto-evangelium of Genesis, the first glad tidings of Redemption, Mary and Jesus are associated in opposition to the serpent and in its conquest. "I shall put enmities between thee and the woman and thy seed and her seed: and she shall crush thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel" (Gen. iii, 15). Between Christ and evil enmity must needs exist; between Mary and evil it is accomplished by the Immaculate Conception. By this privilege the dominion of Satan has no part in her, her measure of grace is full and she is made the fitting mother of her Son. Without it her perfect union with Him is marred, for sin she could not share with Him. Her supereminent sanctity and her ineffable union with Christ—these are the basis of her co-operation in Redemption. Destined by God to suffer with her Son, there is to be a complete communion of sorrow and purpose between Mary and Christ, reaching its climax on Calvary. By the power of the Holy Ghost she conceives Him in her womb and gives Him birth, and then the perfect mother, she enters into His life-work. Peter, His Apostle, but not Mary His Mother, will say: "Far be this from thee." It is hers to tend and nourish the victim and at the appointed time present Him for the sacrifice (Cf. Pius X, *Ad Diem*, February 2nd, 1904). When the hour of the powers of darkness came and the conflict raged and Christ vanquished the hordes of evil, Mary stood by the Cross of Jesus, bearing in her soul the sorrows He carried in His Flesh. The Immaculate she draws near to Him to share His Passion. None other might, for all but she were subjects of His foe. Spotless in holiness, free from all evil, she alone could

stand in perfect oneness with Him, joining in His Sorrow and sharing in His Victory.

The Immaculate Conception, the first of Our Lady's privileges in order of time, is clearly then not without its influence on those privileges which followed later. The Masterpiece of Redemption, saved not from a debt incurred, but from the incurring of the debt itself, original sin is not in her, neither are those consequences which follow in its wake. The Immaculate Conception is the foundation of her life-long unsullied sanctity. It is her worthy preparation for the greatest dignity a creature can attain—to be the Mother of the Incarnate God. Begetting Him, she bore also the members of His Mystic Body. Alone Immaculate in a fallen world, she is by her Son associated in the salvation of mankind, and in pain and sorrow brings forth the multitude of His brethren. The perfect Mother of the Saviour, she is the perfect mother of the saved and precisely because she is Immaculate. Well might she say to Bernadette of Lourdes: "I am the Immaculate Conception," announcing thus to the world that the last defined of her privileges is the first jewel in her crown of graces, and the foundation of all the prerogatives revealed concerning her.

A Shepherd told me

Men say a King is born on earth to-night,
And Kings are on their way to worship Him;
Amazed shepherds mutter of a light
That stirred their witless folds when all was dim,
And someone passing by a little shed
Heard someone singing Gloria—he said.

Far off, where sleeps the dust of Babylon,
Three wanderers are spurring through the snow;
One on a white horse, on a black horse one,
And one upon a dromedary slow;
With silver thurible and porphyry jar
They ride, beneath the beckoning of a star.

They say a stain drips from the Roman gold
Round Herod's wrist . . . while from his wall unlit
The brazen lamps depend; for some one told
Him some wild legend, and he feeds on it
Till all distraught he huddles, red of hand,
Under the Star that lights a sorrowing land.

A shepherd told that he had seen this King
Whom Herod fears; he smiled at what he saw,
The Child of some poor folk ajourneying,
Cradled upon a swath of oaten straw;
"And yet," quoth he, "I could not draw me nigh,
Save kneeling on my knees—I wot not why!"

A King is born to-night, the dreamers say;
With pipe and lute the angels round Him dance,
And roses blossom in the manger hay;
Oh, sweet, incredible story! Yet perchance
Unseen of us there may be angels near,
And they may sing, although we cannot hear.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART,

in *Catholic Women's Review* (Sydney, N.S.W.)

Newman to Chesterton

MICHAEL WALSH



CARDINAL NEWMAN
(1801-1890).

sionaries, was received into the Catholic Church in 1913, while he was yet in his early twenties. He is at present living in America, where he is a well-known lecturer in English literature at the foremost Catholic colleges and universities. He is not only an incisive critic of books, but one of the most inspiring Catholic poets of our time.

Father John Banister Tabb, who died in 1909, was also a convert. His biographer tells us that this famous American priest-poet, who first served as a soldier with the Confederate forces in the Civil War, was studying for the Episcopalian ministry, "but before the date set out for his ordination he joined the Catholic Church." Of Father Tabb's poetry it has been written that "every blossom smelled to him of the fields of Paradise. Every bird to which he had listened had sung in the leafy glades of Eden."

A little-known American name is that of Charles Warren Stoddard, who died also in 1909. He was a convert, and as well as being a charming author

In the era that dates from the conversion of Cardinal Newman to the death of Chesterton, the list of literary converts is a distinguished one. Many a new and brilliant star has blazed in the skies of the True Faith :: ::

WITHIN recent months the deaths of Mr. Chesterton and Canon John Gray, poets and friends, brings one to reflect on the number of notable literary men and women who have been received into the Church even within the memory of the average man. Let us take a glance at some of the literary names of England and America.

Canon John Gray became a Catholic while still a boy. It was he who built the beautiful church of St. Peter at Edinburgh. He has written many fine spiritual poems. The Hon. Evan Morgan (now Lord Tredegar), also a poet, is a convert to Catholicism. Mr. Shane Leslie, the well-known Irish Catholic writer and poet, was received into the Church in 1908. He is a cousin of the English statesman Mr. Winston Churchill.

Theodore Maynard, who was born at Madras, India, where his parents were mis-



FATHER RONALD KNOX
(1888—)

and poet he lectured on English literature at Notre Dame and at the Catholic University of Washington.

One of the great English convert names is that of Alice Meynell. She secured for herself a high place indeed in the temple of English literature. Nor must one omit her brilliant husband, Wilfred Meynell—who was also received into the True Fold.

Another remarkable convert who died in 1926 was that wistful poet, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Her life story reads like a romance. She was the daughter of the well-known American writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne. She married George Parsons Lathrop, an editor and poet—and a native of Honolulu. They were twenty years married when they both forsook Unitarianism for the Catholic Faith. This was in 1891. Seven years later the husband died, and shortly afterwards the wife entered a convent and became a nun. As

Mother Mary Alphonse she was Superior of the Dominican Community in charge of the cancer hospital at Hawthorne, New York, which she herself had founded, and where "painlessly and in sleep she died."

Foremost amongst America's convert writers must be mentioned the Kilmers—Joyce Kilmer and his wife Aline. "No writer" we read "has ever been so enshrined in the affection of Catholic America as Joyce Kilmer."

Miss Enid Dinnis is one of England's best-known Catholic writers and poets. Since she came into the Church in 1897—nearly forty years ago—she has made an able contribution to our literature. It will not be out of place here to give her little poem "To My Mother Church":—

The Mother who beside her knee
Has taught me how to pray
Would bid me of my youth make free
In this her meadow gay.

And I have ranged the meadow o'er
Who make this book of rhyme,
And there have filled my pinafore
With meadowsweet and thyme.

And since the joy were incomplete
If these my own could stay,
Here in her lap and round her feet
I pour my thyme and meadowsweet
Who brought me here to play."

Yet another distinguished name in our list is that of Wilfred Childe. Educated at Harrow and Magdalen College, Oxford, he was received into the Church in 1914. In his poem "The Former Glory," he recalls the great centuries when England was Catholic:—

"I would that I had seen the festal way
When Holy Church proclaimed glad holiday,
And heard the bell-chimes swing on Easter Day,



MR. G. K. CHESTERTON
(1874-1936).



MR. STANLEY B. JAMES.

And watched the line of rose-crowned canons pass
Beneath the windows live with fiery glass
To some most glorious Sacring of the Mass."

Yet another great English name which dare not be overlooked is that of the Hon. Maurice Baring. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, he entered the diplomatic service in 1898, serving in Paris, Copenhagen and Rome. In 1909, at the age of twenty-five, he became a convert to the Catholic Faith. He has written a number of notable books and some charming poetry.

Then there is that doughty champion and brilliant logician in the field of militant Catholicism, Mr. Stanley B. James. Nor must one forget that delightful Sussex novelist, Sheila Kaye Smith.

Though I had but a list of the literary laity in mind when I set out to write this article, I feel that I must not pass over our celebrated priest-writers and lecturers like Father Ronald Knox, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, Father Martindale, S.J., and Father Owen Dudley.

Since I have confined myself to distinguished convert-writers of recent times—at least of the twentieth century, I need hardly recall the names of Patmore or Lionel Johnson or Gerard Manley Hopkins. Yet they are names—those of Patmore and Hopkins especially—that have left no uncertain mark on English poetry.

And now may I be pardoned if I conclude with the name of the man whose conversion shook Protestant England to its foundation—John Henry Newman. He had followed tortuous ways in search of the Truth, and amid the mists of doubt he wrote from a lonely but trusting heart "The Pillar of the Cloud":—

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on."

And again in ever-trustful voice he cries:—

"So long Thy power hath blest me sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone."

Yes, indeed, if one were to start with that misty night on the Mediterranean a century ago when the "Pillar of the Cloud" was written, and survey the era that closed with the death of Chesterton, one could count many a new and brilliant star in the skies of the True Faith.

Red ~ Relic

W. J. RANDALL

"To Burgos, then" he cried.
"This time I fight for God. If
Christian men will fight beside
me as I will fight—it will not be
long—not long." She watched
him walk with swift swinging
steps into the distance :: ::

PARIS, historic city of mirth and blood, saw him now as he sat at the little outdoor table beside the café in the *Quartier Latin*, sipping his absinth thoughtfully.

From a merely physical standpoint he also saw Paris; from a mental standpoint it was almost absent. The bits of life that flitted before his eyes made an impression on the retina, but almost none upon the mind: much as a man in a fit of abstraction may look at his watch and yet not know the time.

His thoughts were not at this moment in Paris.

They were in Spain—in Moscow.

Agent of the Soviet from Moscow, *via* Madrid and Barcelona, to Paris—that was his role at present. In his chequered career he had gyrated into many occupations, ultimately into the political arena; finally, stepping on the edge of the Communist whirlpool, had been whisked towards its centre.

Yes, he—Alphonse Duplais—was an accredited agent of the Soviet Republic: the great power that would liberate the world, by duress if need be—free by forcing folk into equality—produce the real *la liberté* of France!

He pondered his immediate plans—his secret instructions—sipping thoughtfully his little glass of absinth. . . .

* * * * *

As they pushed past his table on the pavement he noticed them. The woman's cloak almost brushed him—nearly upsetting his absinth. Curse their clumsiness! In any case that laugh would have seized his wandering attention—a short, sharp laugh, with an air of abandon in it.

He glanced at them.

The man—just a Parisian artist. He knew the type quite well. But the woman—she was more distinctive.

Ere he saw their faces clearly they had passed into the café. They took a corner table some distance within.

The man's face, angle-wise to Alphonse, was then visible. Nothing in particular: a moderately good-looking Frenchman. Alphonse shook his head mentally. No special use, he decided. But the girl, though somewhat bedraggled, had a poise and decisive movement that suggested character, ability.

She sat at right angles to the man, her back in consequence towards Alphonse. He could merely get a glimpse of her profile, in shadow.

Yes, he could probably find use for her in his plans. A capable agent, a good spy . . . well, he would see. He must study her face, and talk to her.

Ere they rose to go, Alphonse had smoked three cigarettes. He was again lost in his thoughts—his plans. He realised their departure when they were again abreast of his table—and he heard the woman's voice:

"So!—you think it worth while? But is anything worth while—now? Is anything worth anything?" And again that short, sharp laugh, with its note of abandon.

Alphonse promptly called the waiter, then followed the two as they went.

Lovers? No. Husband and wife? No. Adventurers for an evening? Somehow, no. Alphonse considered each suggestion rapidly and rejected each. Just acquaintances, decided he, evidently *en rapport*. But they were discussing,

evidently, some plan. Or, more accurately, the man was explaining, persuading, while the woman remained unconvinced, dissatisfied. So at least Alphonse judged from the man's repeated eagerness and the girl's shake of the head and repeated shrug. Perhaps he was a lover, after all; pressing his cause, but so far unsuccessfully.

An impatient gesture and the man departed down a side street.

The girl pulled her dark cloak closer and turned in the opposite direction. Alphonse followed.

* * * * *

The September night was mild, but heavy strata streaked the clouds and screened intermittently a waxing moon. All sorts of shadows—queer shapes and sizes—lurked and glided over the streets and houses as he followed her, through street after street, until he saw them heading for the riverside.

The Seine crawls across Paris like a serpent, so that suddenly you find yourself on the opposite bank as you cross a bridge without changing your direction.

She had reached the embankment now. Alphonse was forty yards behind.

To Alphonse, the Seine, especially under shadows and the moonlight, always brought back memories. Memories of now five years ago, 'tis true, but none the less vivid for that. They set his heart astir. He was an artist then, his little studio, dingy enough, in the *Quartier Latin*. He was painting pictures that kept him in food and wine and shabby clothes—in those days before the political maelstrom had caught him in its centrifugal grip. . . .

And then there was *that* memory. . . .

That hospital not far from the *Sacré Coeur* (was it still there?—he wondered) after his concussion following a little artistic brawling affair in Montmartre. And there was Madalène, neat, capable, incomparably sweet little nurse who had tended him back to health. . . . Ah!—how he had hoped, just once or twice. But he had never dared to ask her. He was a poor struggling artist, keeping the wolf from a dingy studio. She would get on in her profession, Madalène. She would marry an officer with the *Legion d'Honneur* whom she would have brought back to health and strength with her gentle, efficient care.

Madalène had passed—but the memory stayed like the impress of a flower-petal once pressed in a book.

"Fool's heart!" Alphonse spat out to himself. "I dream. I have plans—I have instructions. . . ."

* * * * *

All this had passed before him in sixty seconds—so swiftly does the mind traverse the past.

The woman had now reached a point more shadow-laden than before, and had paused there, looking over the parapet of the embankment. Alphonse saw the silent water—silver-green and black alternately as the moon decided. He kept within shadow on the opposite side, watching. What was her plan? He recalled the words of fifteen minutes earlier—the only words he had ever heard her utter—followed by that short, sharp laugh with its note of recklessness, abandon.

"Is anything worth while? Is anything worth anything?"

He watched.

Then with a sudden start he bounded forward—drawn by the dual attraction of horror and apprehension.

The girl had disappeared swiftly round the end of the parapet—and Alphonse knew what lay beyond. The steps—and the black, silent waters.

This would not do. Oh yes—he had seen men die, and women, too. But this way, Alphonse did not like. In combat—or as a traitor at dawn—he was hardened to all that. But this way—no, it was too degrading.

And the thought also flashed by—a woman once saved *his* life, in Paris. . . . He sighed as he ran. And at any rate he must save and use whatever might be useful to his plans.

Ten seconds, and he had dragged her with an iron grip from the top step above the waters, stifling her scream with a firm hand laid across her lips.

The moonlight had died behind a belt of clouds—Alphonse could see that she was slim and dark. And he felt that she was trembling.

"So!"—he let her lean against the high parapet. "It is this?"

Then he noticed how thin, almost scraggy, she seemed. To judge by the arm he had gripped, she was emaciated. That jaunty poise must have been born of nervous energy, determination.

Ere she could frame an answer through her quick-coming breath, the moonlight broke forth again—and took Alphonse's breath away.

"You!—*nom de Dieu*!—But yes—it is Madaléne!"

He drew her further into the sudden silver light.

His hands clenched until the nails bit the flesh.

"*Sang de Dieu*!—but what has happened to you?—What—what?—"

He cried out to God and to the Virgin Mother—he, who was an agent of the anti-God rulers of this world.

Could this be Madaléne?—the beautiful, bright-eyed, youthful, capable Madaléne? He gazed in astonished horror. This woman—worn and pale and heavy-eyed and ghastly-shadowed! Madaléne!—the light of the sufferers around her. Yet, this was she. The relic of the loveliness, terrible travesty though it was, was unmistakable.

A sudden surge of wild ferocious anger filled his heart.

"Tell me—quickly—what has happened? You are Madaléne—yet you are not?"

She had found her voice. "You are?—you are?—" the words came in gasps from her heaving breast. She did not seem to remember.

His turn to laugh—a short, bitter laugh like hers had been.

"So!—you forget! And I, I would not be here now—and you, you would be under those black waters—unless you had saved my life—here in Paris. . . ."

She passed a thin hand across her forehead, as if the effort to remember gave her pain.

"But yes—I remember now. In the hospital *Sacré Coeur*. Yes, I remember."

"You brought me back to life," he said, holding her hands again. "And yet—just now—"

"Yes—I was about to take my own."

"God and the saints forbid!"

"It is true."

"You were mad—for a moment."

"Mad? Oh yes!" (that little laugh again). "Everything is mad. Life is a torture. My head aches—oh, how it aches, always. . . ."

"Madaléne, *ma chérie*."

"I have lost everything—everything a woman values—"

"Not everything?—"

"Well no—not that. But all but that last citadel. Beauty—oh, I know I possessed it ability, confidence, self-control—all are gone—out there."

"Out there?"

"In Spain. I have escaped from Madrid. But two days since. As a nurse I have seen blood—but those—agh!"

Alphonse was walking with feverish steps, backwards, forwards, as she spoke: his head awhirl, aflame.

"Spain! Madrid!—What is it you are saying?—You mean?—"

"I was a nurse—as you know I am—I was in a large convent hospital—"

"—Convent!—Sapristi! Then you are now a religious—"

"—No, no. They have lay nurses also. I was there, then, when they came—"

"—They?—"

"From the government, they said. Armed—and terrible. Some one whispered there were Russians among them. I do not know. I only know it was like—like hell. Some of us, we escaped. Through cellars. Six of our sisters—religious—were shot down. Afterwards, the house was set alight—we saw it blazing, wards and all—blazing against the sky as we hid in ditches half-a-mile away. Then flight again, and hunger, eating from dustbins. Then we reached another convent house—with a smaller hospital. But there, but for a week—they came again. It was worse, if possible. Three of us escaped from there, hiding under refuse."

She laughed again.

"Escaped?—did I say?—ha, ha!" She lurched forward, tapping her thin fingers on Alphonse's chest.

"Escaped?—and for what? I am rotten. Escaped!—*Sacré Coeur*—I did not dare to stay. I, a nurse. . . . I escaped—ha, ha, ha!"

Indescribably terrible, that laugh.

"—I should be dead—coward as I am—"

"No—*no*!" he cried. This was unbearable.

"It is so." She nodded her head slowly. Then reaction, as she clutched her bedraggled hair. "*Sacré Coeur*!—I am not fit to die. . . ."

That stopped him suddenly in his feverish pacing.

"It is enough!" He took her cloak and drew it closer about her, adjusting the hood until it almost screened her face.

"Come!" He linked his arm in hers.

"But where?—but why?—"

He put a finger on her lips and walked on, drawing her firmly with him.

At the cross-roads he whistled shrilly—once, then again. A distant taxicab turned and approached.

"Enter," he commanded. And to the driver: "To the *café Rouge et Noir*."

"First we eat and drink. Then we talk. I have things to say—*Madalène*." He took his place beside her.

* * * * *

Dawn, twin-lovely hour of day with sunset, broke over Paris as they came out of the *Rouge et Noir*.

They had talked through the night—Alphonse had chosen a place where they could. He had learnt that her heart was still free. The man he had seen meant nothing to her.

As they stood on the pavement the girl's features were still more haggard in the high light of nature.

"But it will return—it will return," he muttered, thinking of her faded loveliness. He clenched his hands again, and spat.

"*Diable*!—yes, they are devils!" he muttered. "Devils!—if only for this." He laughed a little—as he thought of those plans—those instructions. Ha, ha!—they were reversed.

"Then *au revoir, ma chérie*," he said. "To Burgos, then. This time I fight for God. If Christian men will fight beside me as I will fight—it will not be long—not long."

"Not long," the woman repeated. "Then, Alphonse, I have much to do. This"—she pointed to her face with a smile—"it will need a little time."

"We shall have time enough—afterwards," he answered. He kissed the worn cheeks, once, twice.

Next moment he had gone.

She watched him walk with swift swinging steps into the distance—to the gate of Paris, to Spain.

Then the dawn broke in full, pouring its gold into the Seine.

"The dawn!" she cried to herself, as she turned away. "*Mon Dieu*!—but yes, it is the dawn!"



THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY IN ARA COELI.

Some Churches ~ of Rome

XII. A Last Word

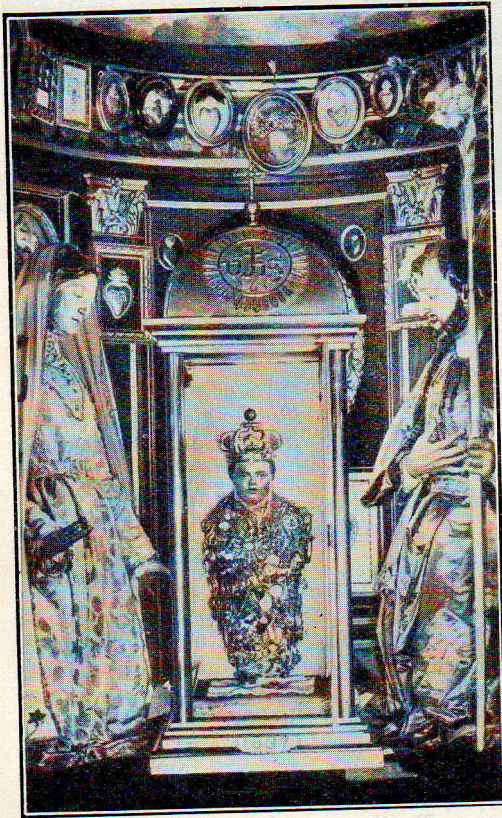
REV. VICTOR MANN

In his concluding article Fr. Mann acknowledges that he is faced with a long list of omissions. Many churches still clamour for attention; he selects just one more, St. Mary in Ara Coeli.

WE come now to the end of the series begun last January, in which an attempt was made to describe the chief churches in Rome. From the outset it was felt to be a hopeless task, a gigantic undertaking, both on account of the number of churches in that city, and because the history of most of the earlier foundations is so full of interest. Now, as the series comes to a close, we are faced with a long list of omissions. So many churches are still clamouring for attention. Many who have been to Rome would have made quite a different choice, outside the four chief basilicas, had they been invited to furnish a list of their favourite shrines. To these readers we make humble apology, and trust that their bitter disappointment will lose its keen edge with the passing of years.

My own taste, which presumably has dictated the choice, is in the direction of the grand old churches which can trace their foundation to apostolic times and the early days of persecution. It is true that many such places have had to be passed over in silence, and it is impossible, even in a final resumé, to mention all of them. The great basilicas have been dealt with fully, or as fully as need be in a non-scientific publication. Thus St. Peter's on the Vatican, St. Paul's Outside the Walls, St. John Lateran, St. Mary Major's, received our first attention. San Lorenzo, another of the greater basilicas, was described; but no account was given of the other churches of the same standing. There

is the basilica of St. Sebastian, which was apparently first called the Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul, and which marks the site where the bodies of the two Apostles rested. It is of Constantine origin, but the present building represents the restoration and remodelling by Cardinal Borghese in 1611. From this church there is an entrance to the small catacombs, which at one time were thought to be those of St. Callistus. Then there is the Basilica of The Holy Cross in Jerusalem, founded by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, to receive the relic of the True Cross which she brought over from the Holy Land. The Basilicas of St. Agnes, outside the city on the Via Nomentana, and of St. Costanza, built as the mausoleum of two of Constantine's kinswomen, are the last of the Major Basilicas.



THE "BAMBINO" OF ARA COELI
A famous and historic statue venerated
in the Church of Ara Coeli.

The other churches in Rome can be classified primarily into parochial and non-parochial churches. Some of the parochial churches are served by the regular and some by the secular clergy. It would be dangerous, without reference to a very up-to-date directory, to give precise figures. A few years ago the parishes numbered fifty-two—twenty-eight religious and twenty-four secular—but that number must have been augmented since with the growth of the city. There are hundreds of churches which have not a parish attached. Many of these belong to the monastic orders; many of them are national churches. These latter were in the first instance generally attached to hospices catering for pilgrims from different countries. Thus, in the neighbourhood of St. Peter's there was a Saxon church, hospice, and cemetery, maintained by taxes levied by the Kings of Wessex. This cluster of buildings was called Saxon-town, or *Burgus Saxonum*, a name which is still preserved in the present name of the district, the Borgo. These national churches include not only the French, German, Portuguese, Polish, Abyssinian, etc., churches, but also churches belonging to the natives of the old independent

states and cities of Italy. Thus, we have the Church of the Neapolitans, Florentines, Siennese, Savoyards, and Piedmontese, etc., and of peoples who are not quite absorbed into other nations. The Bretons, Lorraines, Burgundians, and others have their national churches.

The list of Monastic Orders who administer the religious parishes in the city and the suburbs, including the four basilicas outside the walls, would include practically all the religious bodies of priests in the Catholic Church. As one would expect, there is a desire to have a church and house at Rome as at headquarters, widespread throughout the religious orders. In the same way there

are convents with private or semi-public chapels, corresponding to most of the orders of lay-brothers and nuns. All this will give a faint idea of the throbbing religious life that manifests itself in the Eternal City. It sometimes would seem that there must be at least one church or religious institution in every street in Rome.

Another class of church or chapel must be mentioned—that of seminary or collegiate status. Again each nation strives to have a seminary for its own nationals in the Holy City, and fortunate are those aspirants for the priesthood who are selected to pursue their higher studies amid this ecclesiastical atmosphere, rubbing shoulders alike with antiquity and all that is best in the modern world.

Then there are the churches attached to the old guilds and confraternities. The ropemakers, the Pope's grooms, the shoemakers, the tanners, ironworkers, saddlers, clockmakers, mattress-makers, bakers, soapmakers, and tailors have their own churches.

I still groan in despair at having omitted descriptions of such churches as the Gesu, SS. Cosmas and Damian, SS. John and Paul, mother-house of the Passionist Congregation on the Celian Hill, St. Mary of the Angels, St. Mary in Cosmedin, St. Mary in Trastevere, St. Paul at the Three Fountains, St. Peter in Montorio, St. Pudenziana (the Titular Church of the late Cardinal Bourne), St. Sabina, the Church of the Twelve Apostles. Many readers may have wished for notes on these churches, but it was found impossible to extend this series of articles.

However, let us describe just one more church, that of St. Mary in Ara Coeli, which may supply the Christmas touch for an article in the December number of *The Cross*. The church stands high up on the Capitoline Hill, on the site probably of the old Arx, or Citadel, of the classical era. It has not the antiquity of some of the churches, for it was probably erected in the sixth century, but it has preserved many of its original features, and has not suffered so much from the zeal of renovators as some churches which can boast of an earlier foundation. It was dedicated by Pope St. Gregory the Great, under the title of St. Mary on the Capitoline. In the fourteenth century it seems to have had its name changed to St. Mary in Ara Coeli. Various are the opinions as to the meaning of this title. Tradition says that the Emperor Augustus, in obedience to an utterance of the Sybil of Cumae, erected an altar here to the First Begotten Son of God. Such an altar is still to be seen in the church, in an isolated chapel in the left transept, near the tomb of St. Helena, Empress.

The exterior of the church is arresting. There is something gaunt in the appearance of the plain brick facade. It was partly covered with mosaics, but these have disappeared. So also has disappeared the clock which was the sole decoration. The magnificent flight of a hundred and twenty-four marble steps was built by the Roman people on the cessation of the great pestilence of 1343, as an act of thanksgiving.

The interior preserves much of the basilican shape, except that the apse, with its mosaics, was destroyed by Pope Pius IV to make a choir for the monks. The columns in the nave are bewilderingly diverse. Some are of granite, some of marble. They all seem to be of different lengths and girths, so that some rise from the ground direct, and some have small and some larger pedestals. The floor is very interesting. Large slabs denote the graves of the nobility of the Capitoline district, and many of these are carved with the quaint effigies of those buried beneath. The two most artistic items are the ambones, or pulpits, especially that on the Gospel side, which are choice examples of the work of the Cosma family, marble with small mosaics set in geometrical fashion.

Christmastide is of especial interest in the Ara Coeli, for it is observed with great solemnity. Here is the famous *Bambino* or image of the Infant Jesus. Tradition says that it was carved by a Franciscan monk in Jerusalem, but the monk fell asleep and the statue was finished by an angel. This wooden figure

is placed in a manger in the left aisle of the church on Christmas Day and St. Stephen's Day, and little children mount a table and recite verses and prize pieces in honour of the Holy Child. There is a complete absence of self-consciousness, characteristic of southern children, in the manner in which they say their little pieces, and a fervour that is strangely moving. The *Bambino* is an object of much veneration. It is taken round to the houses of sick children in a nobleman's carriage, covered with apparel more precious than artistic, and the little invalids are blessed with it. On the Feast of the Epiphany the vast multitude on the steps leading to the Ara Coeli are also blessed with the *Bambino*.

And here we come to the end of our twelve months' work. I wish to express my thanks here to the printers of *The Cross*, who have served me so well in the matter of illustrations. The reproductions of the photographs and the printing has been a joy, and alone has made it possible to describe "Some Churches of Rome." If the perusal of these brief articles has been a source of pleasure and interest to my readers, then I am well content with the result of my labours.

.....@.....

The Manger

Bustle and wondering shout—
Crowd round a manger!
What is the stir about—
Who the Babe Stranger?
Why does the Mother stand
Blessing imploring—
Hand clasped in Joseph's hand
Raptly adoring!

Rude is the cradle where
He is reclining!
Only the manger bare
Hay for its lining!
Coarsest of swathing bands
Clothe the frail Form
Only the stable stands
'Twixt Babe and storm!

Yet here a King doth lie
Godhead disguising!
Maker of earth and sky
Meekness surprising!
Lower our earthly pride
Here by Thy manger
Let us lay self aside
Like Thee, sweet Stranger!

ROSE A. CARTER.

.....@.....

Catholic Companionship

In an address to members of the Catholic Women's Association, Sydney, N.S.W., the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Mgr. John Panico, stressed the need of a wholly Catholic environment for the full development of Catholic character. His words may well find an echo and an application beyond Australian shores. Amongst other things, he said:—

"Living as you do in a non-Catholic culture you yourselves can bear witness of the necessity of your Association. With the greater number of people with whom you come into contact you cannot share those things which are in the very depths of your souls, which are the cause of your true consolation, of your peace, happiness and contentment. You can meet those people as fellow-citizens, the joys of companionship may even unite you, but such can only reach a certain degree of perfection; beyond it, your friend either does not understand and sympathise with you, or, even if that be, does not share with you the deeper treasures of your friendship. The Catholic, then, feels the need of Catholic companionship; he feels the need of Catholic surroundings, of a Catholic household, where others of the same Faith may be met, where Catholic literature may be had, where Catholic recreations and amusements are promoted, and where, especially, Catholic friendships may develop. This is particularly the case in regard to a Catholic woman, whose nature and sentiment are made by God for the finer feelings of friendship."

M. Ursula's Way

MAURICE V. REIDY

Whenever anyone for miles around was in serious trouble, they went to see Mother Ursula. And they invariably came away with a more hopeful outlook. That was Mother Ursula's way :: :: ::

WHEN Mother Ursula was seventy there was still a look of youth on her gentle, genial, but firmly-moulded features. Into the winter of her life she had brought sprinklings from the blood of June.

She had been one of the most practical administrators, and the most painstaking and capable of teachers the convent ever possessed. For fifteen years she had governed the little Community as Reverend Mother. Her all-round capacity was proverbial in the district, and whenever serious trouble afflicted the lives of the inhabitants of Ballymore, or for miles around it, the usual advice given to them was to go and see Mother Ursula at the Convent. They invariably went, and no matter how dark or depressed their spirits might have been on entering the convent, they came away from it with a more hopeful outlook.

Some people said that Mother Ursula was so different from many other ultra-pious people whom they had encountered, that it was refreshing to meet her as she at once put them at their ease and seemed to be one of themselves. She had an infinite understanding of human nature, its weaknesses, foibles and imperfections, and a sympathy with hardened sinners which astonished those who knew as a fact that from her very early childhood she had abandoned herself wholly to God, and that she lived constantly in His presence, ever ready to sacrifice her own will in all things. "Her spirit wandhersh with me on the roads," said Batt Dwyer, one of the hardest-drinking, fighting, swearing and reckless tinkers that ever swopped or sold a horse at a country fair. Eminently worldly-wise people smiled a sad smile when Mother Ursula first tried to reform the worst character amongst the tinkers who came into Ballymore. But she did it after a great amount of persistence, and, in reforming him, she brought an air of comparative gentleness into the wild and disorderly crowd of nomads who looked up to him as their Chief, and who travelled with him over the Munster roads.

"Mother Ursula can see more with her two eyes than any other man or woman could if they had as many eyes as a lamper eel," said Neddy Moore, the caretaker of the Convent farm. He was quite right in what he said, although he did not at all approve of her extraordinary vision. One day Neddy reposed in gentle sleep in the meadow, whilst the three hired men went their own pace at making the hay into big cocks. A little girl pupil from the school brought him a note from the Reverend Mother. "Dear Neddy," it ran, "You have a motto, often repeated by you, that 'it is better to wear out than to rust out.' Stop rusting!"

"Rusting!" exclaimed Neddy, as he jumped to his feet with such violence that the little girl took fright and rushed back wildly towards the convent, "what, with the sarcasm of the Reverend Mother, and the hate of the sun, which caused me to go off into a doze, I feel that I've been sittin' on a wasp's nest."

Sometimes, indeed, it was rumoured that Mother Ursula gave advice that would startle a rigidly respectable and law-abiding citizen. But then we must remember what rumours are. There was the case of Davy Costelloe, the stone-cutter. Davy was a tradesman, who earned good money when he was at work, but he drank his earnings with unfailing regularity. Amongst his boon companions he was regarded as a jolly good fellow, but, in his own domestic circle, he was not so regarded to say the very least. His wife was a capable housewife, but she was reduced to despair by her husband's conduct. One day she went to

see Mother Ursula. "When she entered the convint," said Neddy Moore, "she looked spiritless and broken, but when she came out she had a devilish grim look on her face."

That night Davy Costelloe staggered up to his door about midnight, singing "The Bould Sojer Boy." His wife was asleep by the fire. He awakened her, and upbraided her solemnly for not having prepared anything visible in the way of a supper. "When a man comes home after a hard day's work," said Davy, "his wife should have something fittin' to offer him."

She jumped to her feet and gave it to him on the spot. One crack on the side of the head with a small wooden mallet which she had concealed under her apron while she sat there pretending to be asleep, and Davy found himself sitting on the remains of the peat fire, looking up in speechless amazement at his wife, and trying to count how many of her were there. Then, when he had somewhat recovered from his amazement, and was about to spill out a few words, she gave him a clout on the other side of the head. She began to jump around him looking for a good place to aim another blow, whilst he tried to protect his head, and suffered several sharp knocks on the knuckles. At length he jumped to his feet and waved her back. Pain and astonishment had completely sobered him.

"Mary," he said, "it isn't seemly to be batterin' the head of the head of the house in this way. I understand your point of view exactly. You want to reform me, my dear girl. An' faith you've done it, for my head will be an unshapely mass of knobs for a month to come."

He took the pledge next day, and kept it for five years.

But of all the callers that ever came to the convent on a strange errand that one was Nigger Flynn, when the girl he was courting flung him up and said she would prefer to marry a man. Nigger Flynn was very dark-skinned, hence his nickname. His enemies said that the colour of his skin was natural, but his friends stood up for him strongly and said that it was merely an encrustation of dirt due to the fact that he rarely washed himself. Nigger was the driver of a steam-roller, called himself a mechanical engineer, and earned three pounds ten a week. Mary Hanley, the doctor's servant, who had been an old pupil of Mother Ursula, had evidently seen Nigger Flynn through a haze when he first began to bestow his attentions upon her. When the mist passed, she emphatically warned him off.

"He's all right, Reverend Mother," said Mary shyly, "when you see deeper into him, but you can't see on account of the black enamelling caused by the smoke, the grease, and grime of the steam-roller. He has got so much accustomed to it that he could never stand the climate if he came out."

Mother Ursula smiled.

On the afternoon of the morning on which Nigger Flynn saw Mother Ursula, he left Ballymore suddenly on a three days' holiday. When he returned and resumed his job as driver of the steam-roller, he was very nearly arrested on suspicion of having kidnapped or otherwise done away with Nigger Flynn. When he passed the forge, Shemus Tangney, who was blowing the bellows, nearly fell into the water trough at the shock of seeing him clearly for the first time in his life. As for Mary Hanley, when she saw the polite and well-dressed young man who lifted his hat to her when they met on the quarry road, she surrendered at once to his hitherto unrevealed beauty.

"Upon my word, Jerry," she said, "you have come out at last. I never knew before that you had such nice curly brown hair."

"Just what Mother Ursula said," said Nigger Flynn, "the very self-same words. 'Nigger Flynn' she says to me, 'you were a nice-looking little boy when I taught you in the Infant School in the old days. You must come out,' she says, 'or you'll forget what you once looked like. You're like a porcupine hiding inside a bag of bristles. Come out and show yourself to Mary.'"

OBITUARY

Rev. Fr. Dunstan (McGurk), C.P.



REV. FR. DUNSTAN (McGURK), C.P.

WHEN the customary telegram announcing the death of a religious is sent out to the various Passionist Retreats of the province the sad tidings almost invariably stir memories of personal recollection and local association. There are those who had lived with the deceased; perhaps he had laboured for years in those very Retreats to which the sad news is now borne. But the announcement of the death of Fr. Dunstan (McGurk), C.P., on the morning of 3rd November, at St. Anne's Retreat, Sutton, recalled few memories, revived few associations. In this part of the world it was, practically speaking, only those who had lived at Sutton within the past ten years who really knew the dead Passionist.

The white-haired old priest, broken in health, who came to St. Anne's nearly ten years ago, was almost a stranger to his own. It was not merely that forty years of priestly labour in the Near East had dimmed or obscured the recollection of the young man who had volunteered for the mission-field of Bulgaria; it was not the fact that almost his entire student-course was spent in Belgium and Italy, giving him little or no contact with the brethren of his own province—these were not the reasons why he was comparatively unknown. It was that with the zeal and zest of

the true missionary he had spent himself entirely, he had buried himself, in the love and spirit of his mission. God's work was the sole object of the mind and energy of this truly zealous priest, and that work meant for him lonely years of hardship and toil in Bulgaria. How wholeheartedly he entered into that work was written on the weakened frame of the prematurely old man. In him one grasped something of the captivation of the missions. Bulgaria meant everything to him. Looking back ten years, one recalls the edifying yet unusual picture of the Fr. Dunstan who, to all appearances, had come home to die. It did seem strange to hear this old priest speaking broken English with the richest of Irish brogues and constantly referring to Bulgaria as "home."

Few realise just how much sacrifice and suffering is hidden under the bald statement that he laboured for forty years in Bulgaria. The Balkans have always been the stamping ground of revolution and war, and Fr. Dunstan knew from sad experience the terrible consequences of these upheavals. He lived right through the World War in an enemy country. His church was shelled and he himself was, more than once, literally starving. Yet, in the face of all trial, he was first and foremost and always the missionary and the priest. As proof of that one need only state that he was decorated four times by Bulgaria, twice by France and once by Poland—a striking tribute to his impartiality in those times of strife and hatred.

He was a personal friend of the Bulgarian Royal Family—all of whom, except King Boris, are Catholics. Until his death, Princess Eudoxia corresponded regularly with him. Most of his priestly life was spent in the town of Varna on the Black Sea. The Royal Family had a summer-house there, and when they were in residence, Fr. Dunstan was their chaplain. He was an accomplished linguist, and there were few foreign Consuls, resident in Bulgaria, to whom Fr. Dunstan could not speak fluently in their own language.

Known in the world as Patrick McGurk, he was born at Balbriggan, Co. Dublin, in 1864, was professed a Passionist in 1885. Six years later was ordained priest in Bulgaria. We of the younger generation who knew him only late in life will remember the venerable old priest, who in spite of ill-health, was a model of punctuality and exactness in the observances of the religious life. May he rest in peace!

“We Preach Christ Crucified”



“unto them that
are called . . .

the power of God and
the wisdom of God.”

1 Cor. I. 25.

NOTE—These two pages, though by no means intended exclusively for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, should be regarded by them as their own special section of *The Cross*.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

XXIV.—JESUS SCOURGED.

The persistent cry : “Crucify Him, Crucify Him” steadied Pilate ; it recalled his sense of justice ; his conscience and honour revolted at the barbarity, and he resolved not to crucify Jesus. Yet he was shaken by the storm before him and undecided how to meet it. Summoning courage, he ordered a half-measure of conciliation, the Scourging. The Jews might regard that as a preliminary to crucifixion ; anyhow, it would quiet them for a time, and if severely done, might even satisfy them.

Having thus deferred decision he retired into his office, but it would be little wonder if he found difficulty in applying his mind to other business. His wife’s message would recall to his mind what he had heard of the tremendous welcome, and the hosannas of the united people, and the procession with palm branches, only five days ago. What had caused this sudden change in public opinion ? The agitation of the Sanhedrim councillors ? Yes, but if these crowds could be so quickly changed, it should be possible to sway them back again. But how ? Pilate had much to think about, and ample time now to think it out.

Meantime in the courtyard of the Praetorium before the eyes of the people, the real red tragedy of the Passion begins, and from henceforth the atoning Blood of Jesus will flow until the Sacrifice is consummated on Calvary.

The Gospel account of the Scourging is very brief. St. Luke only records Pilate’s intention : “I will chastise Him.” SS. Matthew and Mark merely say “he scourged Him,” St. John tells it thus : “Then Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him.”

Can we, with reverence, lift the veil and look at, and consider further details ? With great care and humility we shall try ; and may God’s eternal, only-begotten Son, and His immaculate Mother Mary help us.

Jesus was stripped naked before the crowd !

He was tied by the wrists to a pillar, so low, that His bent body was conveniently exposed to the falling whips. The Roman scourge as then in use consisted of a short handle and long leather thong, armed with sharpened pieces of bone, and weighted at the end with a knob of lead. Thus constructed, the lash at every stroke twined round the body of the sufferer, the bone barbs pierced the flesh, and when pulled back for the next stroke, tore open long wounds.

Jewish law limited the number of strokes. “They shall not exceed the number of forty, lest thy brother depart shamefully torn before thy eyes” (Deut. XXV, 3). St. Paul tells, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians (XI, 21) : “Of the Jews, five times, did I receive forty stripes save one” Jesus, however, was not scourged according to Jewish law, but by Roman lictors who were not restrained by any law except their own endurance, and we may well assume that the onlooking Jewish prosecutors, not at all sure of getting Jesus crucified, would have willingly seen Him scourged to death.

Priests and councillors and people stood by and watched it all. What cared they for the torture of it? What to them that the Precious Blood from flying whips splashed over their faces and clothing! The blood of a lamb sprinkled on the door-posts of the Israelites in Egypt had saved them from the destroying angel; the Blood of Jesus, now sprinkled lavishly over the crowds in Pilate's courtyard was of infinitely more saving value, but because of the reason for which they shed It, It only hardened their hearts the more.

In the Lessons of the second Nocturne of the Office of Good Friday, the following quotation from St. Augustine is read by every priest the world over: The Jews pretended to throw the justice of their crime upon Pilate. What Pilate did, made him partaker of their crime; but in comparison with them, he was much more innocent. For he laboured what he could to get Him out of their hands, and for that reason ordered Him to be scourged and shown to them. This he did, not by way of persecution but to satisfy their rage; that the sight of Him in that condition might move them to pity and make them desist from desiring His death."

But it was little the Jews cared that day what He suffered. . . . Pity? They had pity for their beasts of burden, but they had none for Jesus "Who His own self bore their sins and ours in His own Body, by whose stripes they and we are healed" (1 Peter II, 24). They only crowded around Him, fighting each other for a better view, and with fierce cries of encouragement, urged the lictors on to more strenuous effort. Oh! the unthinkable cruelty of it all!

And yet, and yet; are we so much better ourselves? Are there not many among us who would strip Jesus naked to clothe themselves in the fashion of to-day, and yet would faint if they saw the blood of the under-paid toilers who make their clothes. They shudder at the thought of the Scourging, yet can laugh in public at an immodest jest—and go further still and indulge in immodest actions when out of the public eye. These are they who scourge Jesus and enjoy the splash of His precious Blood.

THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

*How would you feel, stripped naked, exposed before a vile crowd?
This thought shocks you, but Jesus was subjected to, and endured that.
That was part atonement for sins of yours which did not shock you.
The scourges cut deep. His Blood was splashed over the onlookers.
So Jesus paid the price of sins of the flesh, immodesty and impurity.
Some scourged Him; others encouraged them, looking on and laughing.*

PRAYER.

O Jesus, Only Begotten Son of the Father, the essence of purity, and infinitely holy. Thou didst strip Thyself of heavenly glory to become Man in the virginal womb of the Immaculate Mary; and then as Man, Thou didst permit men to strip Thee in atonement for vanity of dress and the scandalous nudity often adopted by fashion.

Then to atone for sins of actual impurity, Thy Body was cut into deep wounds by scourges, and the "Baptism of Blood" with which Thou didst desire to be baptised was copiously administered.

And all for us, and perhaps inflicted by us!

O grant us a true realization of the enormity of sins of impurity, and let Thy Blood, which was scattered in spray over thoughtless, exulting sinners, wash our souls of past sins, and be a garment to protect us from sin in the future.

REV. FR. HUBERT, C.P.

NAMES OF DECEASED.

Christopher and Sarah Burgess, Patrick and Winifred Fox, Catherine Bowen, Rose O'Harte, Helen Rose McLinchy, John Kearns, John McCombridge, Ellen Payne.

Menace from the Left

CAPT. T. W. C. CURD

A penetrating analysis of contemporary movements in England. The author is under no illusions, and points out the consistent progress of subversive Left-wing opinions :: :: :: ::

THE last few months have been a testing time for England and the English conception of a Christian civilisation. And on the whole, despite Sir Walter Citrine's scathing denunciation of the Communists at Plymouth, England has not come out of it well.

The Archbishop of Westminster has pointed out that the conflict in Spain affects England more closely perhaps than most Englishmen realise. It is time to take notice of the danger to one's own house "when your neighbour's party wall is aflame." In like manner it may be of interest to readers of this magazine to consider their own house when there are unmistakable signs of heat just across the Irish Sea. Conflagrations have a habit of spreading, and there have already been a few sparks from the smoulder in England flying across the intervening water and endangering the peace of Ireland.

Incidentally, Mr. Bevan's efforts to enlist the sympathy of Irish workers for the Spanish "Popular Front" is in significant contrast to the English T.U.C.'s recent vote against the formation of a similar "front" for England. At the T.U.C. meeting at Plymouth there was an overwhelming vote against this latest form of "workers' solidarity" and also against intervention in Spain. This vote was undoubtedly influenced by speeches which pointed out that such action might well do more harm than good to those in Spain whom they were anxious to help, that is, the Reds and their dupes. But despite this vote and its semblance of not taking sides, the T.U.C., the Co-operative Societies and the *Daily Herald* were quickly at work voting and collecting money up and down the country for the support of the Spanish "workers." English Labour may have voted down the Popular Front for England, but it has never wavered in its praise of the Popular Front in Spain, ignoring or denying the glaring fact that this "Front" is composed of the worst elements in the social and political life of any country: extreme Socialists, Syndicalists, Anarchists and Communists, with not one true friend of Labour amongst them. This display of affection by English Labour and Trade Unionism for the men whom Moscow elected to misgovern Spain is not a happy augury for England when political power comes *their* way, as it may do at the next elections. Sir Walter Citrine may have persuaded the T.U.C. to vote against intervention at Plymouth, but what is more to the point is the four-figure cheque which the T.U.C. has sent to the Reds; money, be it noted, from Trade Union funds subscribed by Catholics and many others not at all in sympathy with the objects of the fund.

Like the T.U.C., Labour's daily paper, the *Herald*, also speaks with two voices. One whispers its undying opposition to Communism, the other, much louder and more often heard, acclaims the gang of bloody-fisted criminals forming the Spanish "government's" army as the "loyalists," the "workers," fighting an epic fight for the salvation of "democracy." It is well to remember that when, in 1934, there *was* a rebellion against a democratically elected government, the *Herald* backed the rebels. That is to say, both in 1934 and in 1936 we find the *Herald* on the same side as the Communists.

To the *Herald*, those who have risen against the growing tyranny of Moscow's agents in Madrid are, of course, "the Fascists," ignoring or denying the well-known fact that Fascism hardly counted in Spain, numbering no more than a few thousand adherents and having no representative in the Cortes. If Fascism

does become a power in Spain it will be largely due to the gratuitous publicity and encouragement it has received at the hands of its present enemies, the *Herald* singing a duet with Radio Moscow.

Stall-companion to the *Herald* is *Reynold's*, the Sunday paper run by the Co-operative movement. If *Reynold's*, as it claims in its publicity, really does represent English Labour, then English Labour is already only one degree less ruddy than Moscow itself. And that extra touch of colour will no doubt be added the day Moscow sees its opportunity in England, as it saw its opportunity in Spain. If the power of propaganda through the press still counts for anything in England, then the *Daily Worker* may cease publication and save Moscow's money.

From the outbreak of hostilities in Spain, London and other centres have witnessed repeated demonstrations in support of the Reds. The authorities have lent every assistance; traffic has been carefully diverted to make way for the processions, and extra police have been put on duty to see that no one interferes with this remarkable exhibition of British Fair Play and Free Speech.

The B.B.C. reported the big Communist demonstration in Trafalgar Square, telling us of the enthusiasm and the pound notes dropped into hats to make up the £500 collection. But the equally important anti-Communist demonstration organised by Sir Oswald Mosley's Blackshirts was ignored. Happenings in Spain have been announced in the B.B.C. news bulletin in a manner and with an inflexion of the voice that leave no doubt as to where the sympathies of the B.B.C. rulers lie. And indeed that is not difficult to understand. The power that gave Professor John MacMurray of London University the opportunity of broadcasting for twelve weeks a series of learned "talks" on the non-existence of such "nonsense" as the Moral Law, can hardly fail to betray its pleasure when those who practise that fine "philosophy of freedom" come into the news.

People sometimes wonder why this should be, and innocently ask what is the Government doing?

Well, here is one thing the British Government has done. Shortly before the date planned by Moscow for the national upheaval that was to put Communism in power in Spain, and for which much money would be required, someone managed to persuade the British Government that it would be a good thing to guarantee a credit to Moscow of £10,000,000. This was meekly done, and no doubt it is proving extremely useful to Moscow's expensive effort in Spain.

The position for Catholics in England is becoming more and more perplexing and difficult. None of the existing political parties in England save the Communist party, is condemned by the Church. One may be a Conservative, Liberal, Labour or Fascist. But it is clear that whole-hearted support to any of these parties is impossible to a thinking Catholic.

Many Catholics favour Conservatism, but Conservatism is accessory to the worst crimes of industrial capitalism so often the subject of Papal pronouncements.

Many Catholics support Labour, in which they see ideals with which every Catholic must sympathise. Yet, the present sympathy of English Labour with the extremists, its too friendly attitude towards Soviet Russia, and the strong "left" tendencies of Labour's ally, the Co-operative movement, are matters causing acute concern, and many an anxious moment to the conscience of the Catholic Labourite. Articles in the English Catholic magazines, warning notes in some of the Catholic weeklies, and, latterly, perturbed letters in the correspondence columns have shown that Catholics are awakening to the danger of a Labour ascendancy that may well oppose Communism verbally to-day but carries no guarantee for to-morrow, since it has every appearance of becoming more and more tainted with the Communist poison.

Few Catholics vote Liberal to-day; partly on the ground of Liberalism's

bad record in matters of Catholic interest, partly because Liberalism itself to-day is veering towards the Left (as witness the *News-Chronicle's* attitude towards Spain) and partly because of the general feeling that a vote for the Liberal is a vote wasted. In the circumstances many Catholics in recent elections have voted Conservative on the principle that it is better to live with the devil you know than die with the devil you don't know.

It is not surprising to find a growing number of Catholics in England looking towards Fascism. Fascism has many points in its general policy which Catholics would be glad to support. On the other hand, Fascism's exaltation of the State, and its undiluted admiration for Herr Hitler, whose attitude towards the Church in Germany has called for repeated protests from the German hierarchy and the Holy Father himself, is a big stumbling-block to the thinking Catholic. But undoubtedly the great attraction which Fascism has for English Catholics is the fact of Fascism's determined and organised stand against the advance of Communism.

No one will deny that Communist successes in other countries have been won by a highly-organised and enthusiastic minority. The absence of these qualities in its opponents has enabled Communism to gain the ascendancy in Russia, in Mexico, and latterly in Spain, with what results we know. It is certain that Communism will sooner or later make a bold attempt to gain a similar ascendancy in England. In 1931, Trotsky declared "Spain is next in order," and five years later we are witnesses to the result. England is also "on the list," and we know not when the Red Dawn will break.

There are many people in England who still pooh-pooh the idea of real trouble. They ignore England's past; they forget the steady undermining of order's safeguard, the moral law, which has been going on for so long. They say: "those things don't happen in England; the Englishman is not built that way." Not so the Fascists. They are under no such illusion, and point to the Communist reaction to their own meetings as evidence.

But even if that be true of the Englishman, there is a large alien element in England of whom it is not true. Every large town has far more than its safe quota, and if the Englishman "isn't built that way" it is quite certain that these aliens, largely continental "sweepings," are. It is equally certain that it is amongst this element that the Communist propaganda is rifest, and that when the time comes, Moscow can look to these dupes to start the trouble. When an Englishman is hit he usually hits back, and when he sees murder being done he is usually ready to do something by way of retaliation. Provocation has produced the Spanish civil war. A sufficient provocation will produce trouble anywhere.

Fascism knows this and has made the obvious response by organising its followers on semi-military lines, with uniforms and a certain discipline. It is not without significance that Communism hates Fascism with a hatred second only to its hatred of the Catholic Church; which is probably the best tribute Fascism has ever received. It is not surprising, therefore, that English Fascism boasts a larger percentage of Catholics amongst its followers than any other political party except Labour, a recent letter in the *Catholic Times*, from a member of the party, giving the Catholic membership as 13½ per cent. of the total.

But whatever measure of material security may be won by an access of strength, Catholic or otherwise, to the Fascist or any other political party, one thing must not be lost sight of, because it is the governing factor of the whole conflict. The Communist menace is not primarily a material one; it is not a matter of form of government, of economics, of property, or even of churches and other religious buildings. It is above all things a spiritual conflict. As Archbishop McDonald wrote in his Pastoral Letter of September 20th last: "*It is Christianity that is aimed at—God Himself is the foe.*"

In considering England's attitude, therefore, we must remember that four centuries of Protestant ascendancy have left their mark on the Englishman's estimate of spiritual values. The denial of authority and the setting up in its place of the doctrine of private judgment have led to the obvious result, intellectual anarchy and spiritual chaos. The latest manifestation of this is the questioning of the efficacy of prayer. Prayer, now say prominent English Churchmen, is "tempting God!" When you find Anglican "leaders" talking in this way it is not surprising to find the rank and file of Anglicans losing touch with the realities of the Christian Faith. And that means losing touch with God.

The Nonconformist conscience has shown itself quite unable to assess the present situation, as might be expected. Its dislike of the Catholic Church still triumphs over all other considerations, and even the present atheistic attack on God finds many a Nonconformist, minister as well as layman, siding with Moscow just because the Catholic Church happens to be on the other side; while many a Nonconformist place of worship, ostensibly a house of prayer, has been used to facilitate the propaganda of Communism and the anti-God.

Anglicanism and Nonconformity have no power to stay the coming of the Atheist-Communist State in England; for they have already sold the pass and have none of the qualities necessary to retrieve the situation.

And what of the Catholics of England?

Two and a half years ago, at Whitsun, 1934, the English hierarchy issued a joint pastoral on Catholic Action. In it, it was pointed out that "the peculiar perils to historic Christianity of the time in which we live call for a wider application of vigilance from the Catholic standpoint," and that "Catholic Action, though rooted in spirituality, is not mere passivity but activity; activity open, vigorous and persistent to further God's kingdom on earth."

If that was true of 1934, as of course undoubtedly it was, it is even more true of 1936, but to-day the Catholics of England are still waiting for the opportunity and the power that would come to them through concerted Catholic Action. Perhaps it is not yet too late. The Red Dawn has not yet broken. Catholic Action *now* would place the Catholics of England in the position to offer a far stronger opposition to the Communist menace than is possible in their present scattered state. United, organised, national Catholic Action could give the lead and set the example that might still rally the remnant of Christianity left in Anglicanism and Nonconformity, and so lay the foundations of a Christian Front for England.

Four centuries ago, when the test came, it was the "Pope's Men" who saved the remnant of the Catholic Faith in England. To-day again the test has come and the Pope has given the lead. Whether or not Ireland is to have as neighbour within the next few years a people enslaved beneath the hammer and sickle of Communism or free beneath the Cross of Christ, depends not on parties or party politics but on the Pope's Men.

And the Pope's Men of England will need all the prayers that their brothers in Ireland can give them.

.....@.....

His Toy

For His little ones of all ages

A grave little boy, with his mother,
One day in a toy-shop stood.
Because it was Christmas, she told him,
He might choose what ever he would.
A task of tremendous importance!
Then his eyes began to shine
As he seized his toy shouting "Mother,"
"Oh I want this one to be mine!"

In a workshop a Boy and His Mother,
Knelt quietly down to pray.
"This is your Birthday, Beloved," she said,
"What will you choose to-day?"
Down the ages He looked, till He saw *me*
Then He smiled, that Child Divine,
As softly He whispered, "O Mother"
"I want that one to be Mine!"

LADY MARIE BRAND.

Art ~ ~ and Dogma

JOHN J. M. RYAN



THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
From the famous painting by Bartolome
Esteban Murillo.

did pageant and gorgeous ceremonial, but its Archbishop vowed to defend it with his life. Most wonderful of all, though, was the zeal with which its artists vied with one another in the task of preaching upon canvas their favourite dogma. They delighted to have their representations of the sacred subject grace the walls or overhang the altars of the churches and chapels in the city. By far the greatest and most famous among them was Murillo, whose picture in the Louvre is regarded as a masterpiece of art.

Therein the Blessed Virgin is represented as a young maiden in a blue mantle and flowing white robe. Her hands are folded across her breast, and her downcast eyes convey the impression of bashful simplicity and humble acceptance of her exalted vocation. Gently she floats towards heaven, borne triumphantly aloft by a host of sweet-faced cherubim. Under her feet is the symbol of her triumph—a crescent moon.

Artists of many lands have vied with one another in presenting on canvas the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Murillo and Francia may be taken as representatives of the Spanish and Italian schools :: :: ::

THE grain of the Immaculate Conception was the tiniest of all seeds in the original deposit of Faith. But, like the mustard-seed, it proved a tree of surpassing growth, bearing abundant fruit and being covered with the choicest blossoms. The wonderful display of faith and love and loyalty to the Mother of God which was witnessed in that grand old city of Seville was but one of those rich blossoms, grandly foreshadowing as it did the universal jubilation with which devout Catholics greeted the far more significant pronouncement of another Pius almost three centuries later :—

“We declare, pronounce, and define, that the doctrine which holds that the most blessed Virgin Mary, in the first instant of her Conception was, by a singular grace and privilege of Almighty God, and in consideration of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, preserved free from all stain of original sin is a doctrine revealed by God, and therefore most firmly and constantly to be believed by all the Faithful.”

Seville, perhaps, of all the towns of Spain, may most justly be called the city of the Immaculate Conception. Not only did it honour the doctrine by splen-

The picture is remarkable for the spirit of reverence which pervades it, for its wonderful colouring and the consummate skill with which it has been executed. It is indeed a prayer on canvas, an eloquent artistic tribute to the stainless beauty of the Blessed Virgin. No one with any pretensions to an aesthetic sense can view unmoved even a representation of it, while to him who approaches it in a spirit of faith and love there cannot fail to be added a deeper sense of the lily-white purity of Mary's soul. Yet this—though no doubt the greatest—was but one of at least twenty pictures painted by Murillo upon this sacred subject. In all of them the Madonna is represented as mild and gentle, modest and radiantly beautiful. In all of them, too, the "young-eyed cherubim" appear, sweet-faced and chubby as the children whom the artist knew.

More symbolical, and it may be said, more mystical, is the representation of the Immaculate Conception as seen in Italian art of the late fifteenth century. As typical of this may be taken the altar-piece of San Frediano in Lucca, the last and greatest work of a Bolognese painter named Francesco Francia. Above, in the glory of Heaven, surrounded by the heads of adoring cherubs, sits the Eternal Father. The Blessed Virgin, clad in regal attire of crimson and purple and gold, kneels at His feet, her head bowed to receive the touch of His saving Sceptre. Below upon earth are the standing figures of Solomon and David on the right, and of Saints Anselm and Augustine on the left. Each bears a scroll, and between them kneels a Saint of the Franciscan Order, believed by some to be St. Anthony of Padua, but more probably meant to figure Ven. Duns Scotus, staunch champion of this sublime doctrine.



ALTAR-PIECE IN SAN FREDIANO, LUCCA.
A masterpiece by Francesco Francia, a Bolognese painter, portraying the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

Not only the text on King Solomon's scroll (*Tota pulchra es, amica mea, et macula non est in te*), but the symbolism of the Eternal Father's touching Our Lady's head with a rod proclaim the altar-piece as signifying the Immaculate Conception. For the rod is the sceptre of Ahasuerus, with which Queen Esther, a type of the Blessed Virgin, was touched to show that she was exempted from the edict of general destruction. As Ahasuerus had said to Esther: "Not for thee was this law made, but for all mankind," so God is represented as exempting Our Lady from the law by which all mankind are born in original sin.

If reverence is the keynote of the Spanish masterpiece, serenity is the dominant characteristic of Francia's work. The figures on earth are depicted gazing earnestly upwards in an attitude of devout contemplation, while the kneeling Madonna has an expression of sweet humility touched with a certain sadness. Exquisite taste and delicacy are shown in this splendid painting.

In admiring those blossoms of the dogma which are masterpieces of art, we must not forget the liturgical flowers which sprung from the same seed. Holy Church does not usually celebrate the birth of her children into this vale of tears; rather does she honour the entry of a holy soul into life everlasting. The feasts of the Immaculate Conception and the birthday of St. John the Baptist are the only exceptions. It were fitting, then, that the Office and Mass for the former should have a special beauty of their own, commemorating as they do Our Lady's singular privilege of being conceived in grace.

In speaking of the liturgy connected with the doctrine, mention must be made of two Offices composed long before Pope Pius IX made his momentous declaration in 1854. The first was that written by Leonardo Nogarolo in 1477 which, though otherwise a fine liturgical performance, contained no proper hymns. Unfortunately, the actual text of this composition has not come down to us, but the Collect has survived, since it is almost identical with that used in the modern Mass :—

“O God, who, by the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin didst prepare a worthy dwelling-place for Thy Son, we beseech Thee that, as by the foreseen death of this Thy Son, Thou didst preserve her from all stain, so too Thou wouldst permit us, purified through her intercession, to come unto Thee.”

The absence of special hymns in Leonardo's work is compensated for by their presence in the later Office of Bernardino de Busti. Moreover, a Sequence is provided, noteworthy rather for the grace of its sentiments than for the perfection of its metre. It is remarkable that, though Leonardo's Office found greater favour among the Franciscans—who obtained Papal sanction for its use—Fra Bernardino's composition is still obtainable in print, while the former is not. Both these Offices went out of use when the present version was adopted upon the solemn declaration of the dogma.

There are many passages born of tender, loving homage to the Mother of God in the latest addition to the liturgy of the Immaculate Conception. This magnificent extract from one of St. Jerome's homilies is incorporated in a Vesper Lectio :—

“The earthly Lebanon is white with snow, but the lonely heights of Mary's holiness are white with purity and grace, brilliantly fair, whiter far than snow, sparkling with the gifts of the Holy Ghost.”

while the tribute to Our Lady's purity contained in the Responsory of Lauds :—

“Thou art all fair, O Mary; there is no spot of original sin in thee ”

wakes joyous echoes all through the Office and Mass.

Majestic, authoritative and definite, the voice of the infallible Pontiff is heard, appealing to the evidence of Scripture and tradition in support of the dogma now solemnly defined :—

“This doctrine she (the Catholic Church) hath felt herself to hold by the gift of God, and as part of that faith once delivered from heaven unto the Saints; and as time hath gone on, she hath continually explained, put forth, and upheld it. This belief is found strong in the earliest times, and rooted as it were in the hearts of Christ's faithful people ” (*Vesper Lectio of the Feast*).

The delay in solemnly celebrating the feast is a striking proof of the wisdom of deep-thinking Rome. She preferred to wait until there was a general consensus of Catholic opinion in favour of the solemn declaration of the dogma, knowing well that the issue involved was a momentous one. As soon as she realised, however, that the conviction of all the faithful, as represented by their Bishops, had arrived at maturity, she did not hesitate to give to the doctrine her formal approbation. No music could be sweeter to the lover of Mary than the Church's voice on that occasion. His desire to honour the Mother of God, conceived without stain of sin, need know no doubts now. Rome had spoken and the Catholic mind was at rest.

Warning to Girls

ALFRED GROSCH

Many Irish girls travel to England each year, lured by the bait of high wages for domestic service. Our contributor sounds a note of warning and exposes the conditions they will have to face ::

AN Englishman who recently returned from a tour in Ireland told me that he had found nothing among the poor of Ireland comparable with the distress so prevalent among the poor of Great Britain. It was true, he admitted, that they had little money, but to him it appeared that they were short of very little else.

I expressed some surprise at this, particularly, as I was at some pains to point out, young people—girls chiefly—were pouring from that country which he described so happily into this other, which I know, and he knew, to be far less happy in the matter of its poor.

I have since been endeavouring to arrive at a reason for this apparent fleeing from a land of plenty to a land of want, for let me be truthful, and state here that many thousands in Britain who are lucky enough to be in work do not earn enough to keep them above the borderline of starvation.

Eventually I found the answer to my problem in some letters from the parish priest of a country district in Ireland. He complained bitterly about advertisements in Irish papers, and some in Catholic papers, offering situations in domestic service to Irish girls at double the wages a girl could earn in Ireland for the same class of work. "What girl," he asked, "can resist the lure of £45 a year, all found, fares paid, and even money for refreshments on the journey advanced?"

The matter had been brought to his notice, not by the girl, but by the agency in England which having, as it were, obtained a bite to this advertisement bait, sought to salve a conscience by sending ticket and money to the parish priest of the girl for him to hand to her, together with a letter of instruction. Thus no charge could be made that the agency was going behind the priest's back; indeed, quite the opposite, for the onus in this way was quite effectively placed upon the priest.

In this instance, however, he happened to be one who knew something of what awaits these girls, and so sent ticket and money back, but retained the highly-informative correspondence, and we shall do well to examine it.

Now £45 a year is pretty good money for a servant, even in England; £3 15s. a month, or 18s. 9d. a week, to be exact.

But, of course there is a catch somewhere, and here it is. First, the fare to England has to be repaid by the girl at the rate of 10s. the first month and 15s. a month afterwards. Second, the agency's fee, 22s. 6d. must also be paid out of her first month's wages, and these deductions will make an alarming reduction in that wage of £3 15s. Further, there is also the National Health Insurance which must be paid in part by the domestic; and it is extremely doubtful whether she would receive a clear 10s. a week during her first month.

In her second month she will not have an agency fee to pay, but she will still have to pay back 15s. off her fare. Of course, if she stays in the job long enough she'll draw as much of her £45 a year as it is possible for her to draw; but, and this is very important, if domestic service in England is all that it is held out to be, why do thousands of girls leave after the first month or two, and seek employment in one of the teashops with which London abounds, at a wage of 27s. 6d. a week, less Insurance, and deductions for uniform and meals?

Authoritative opinion has stated, quite recently, that no single woman working in the competitive labour market can live in England on less than 30s. a week.

The teashop girl gets nearer 20s. than 30s. She is supposed to receive tips, but how can she when the clerks—often as poorly paid as she is herself—who use the teashop do so only because it provides a meal within the compass of their scanty means? Such people cannot tip. It is beyond their power to do so!

However, we'll assume for the moment that a girl remains in her domestic situation. First, she must, in justice to the person who pays her £45 a year, obtain clothes which will be in keeping with her mistress's household. At home in Ireland, she might with perfect propriety, go barefooted and barelegged from Monday morning to Saturday evening. One pair of shoes and stockings will see her through many a month of Sundays. Not so in England. Dress and stockings, in particular, are very expensive items. Indeed, so expensive are stockings that hundreds of working girls in London seldom, if ever, wear them. They keep a pair at the office or shop to put on during working hours, and they proceed to and from their work stockingless.

Not so the domestic. She must always wear stockings, both in the house and out of it, and not old or darned ones at that. Quite a large portion of her wages will go on stockings. Her clothes she'll probably have to obtain from a tallyman, who'll supply them on credit 50 per cent. or 75 per cent. above retail price. One outfit will wear out long before it is paid for, and so the girl incurs a load of debt from which she is never likely to free herself.

"I'm in a Jewish household. For the love of God come and help me out! I've only sevenpence halfpenny in the world" runs a letter from a domestic servant in London, written in the month of October, 1936.

That doesn't sound very prosperous, but it shows to what girls are lured by high-sounding advertisements. If high wages are paid, everyone conspires to take them from the domestic, and everything costs her just double what it costs at home. Of what use, then, is it to earn double the money?

But there is an even graver aspect of the matter. What do these girls do when they are in England? How do they spend their free time, and with whom? England, be it remembered, is for most of them a foreign land not over-friendly. Many congregate where their own countrymen are to be found, that is Hyde Park, Finsbury Park, and the cheap, so-called Irish dance-halls.

How are these innocent girls, many from homes where the Rosary is said nightly, to know that the type of Irishmen who frequent these places are generally not only the lowest, but are often men who have been compelled to leave Ireland for Ireland's good?

The truth is they don't know, and have no means of knowing! In all innocence, lured by the sound of an Irish tongue, these girls in an unfriendly and mainly pagan city, see no harm in the company of their own countrymen; and yet I have figures before me which show that out of a certain number of Irish girls who lost their virtue in London a greater number were victims of Irishmen—domiciled in London—than were victims of Englishmen.

Better that Irish girls never see a coin of any sort. Better for them that they tread their own fields barefoot, in homespun and shawl from childhood to age than they should come to England and sell their souls to the devil, perhaps their bodies too, for the price of an English pound note.

Many an Irish girl can date the first step towards the loss of her Faith from the day she answered an advertisement for service in Britain, and some too, alas, can date also the loss of their virtue and chastity from that same fatal day.

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Your attention is directed towards the special notice regarding the CROSS ANNUAL on p. 326. Have you ordered your copy yet?

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Maura's Cottage

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MARY McDONNELL

Amongst the water-colour sketches exhibited by Margaret Adams was one of a pretty Irish cottage, which she emphatically declared was not for sale :: :: ::

FOR the twentieth time that day Margaret Adams closed the book she had been reading, to watch the unending landscape through the window of the railway carriage. The last two passengers had dropped off at a little wayside station.

Finding herself alone, she closed her book with a great sigh of relief and went to the open window to gaze for the first time upon the varied beauty of an Irish countryside. The vivid green of the pasture-lands and the sombre lights of the sky against the purple and brown bog surpassed even her wildest dreams. How often had she stood before such pictures at the London Art Exhibitions! Some of them were genuine reproductions now that she had seen the reality. She also was an artist. Perhaps she, too, would be able to capture some of its beauty, she told herself wistfully. The sound of the train was like a measured, rhythmic song in her ears. Little white farmhouses flew past in greater numbers. Beyond them a long silver stretch of sea became suddenly visible. She glanced at her watch. She was nearing her destination—she knew by the close proximity of the great heather-clad hills.

* * * * *

Margaret Adams walked leisurely along the high, narrow road by the sea. It was early afternoon. Small fishing-boats stood side by side near the long stone quay. Several aged fishermen were mending their nets upon the shore. Here was an ideal subject, she told herself, as she stood to watch them. She carried her painting materials, as she was on her way to the village to sketch old Maura Conway's cottage—a typical Irish cottage that nestled against the dark side of the Ben. Weather conditions were ideal for the picture she had in mind. The fisher scene could wait, she told herself, as she continued on her way.

Ten minutes later she was nearing the village. Small whitewashed houses were clustered together. Further on, Margaret Adams stood against a broken stone wall. Opposite was Maura Conway's cottage. Nowhere in the village was there one as pretty. She intended making the owner's acquaintance some day. Roses in different shades of pink clustered around the small windows and the walls gleamed strangely white against the roof of yellow thatch. A small bank of brown turf stood against the farthest gable and in the background was the great heather-clad Ben, with mountain sheep like small white dots upon its summit. It was with a strange feeling of inward pleasure that Margaret Adams set to work several moments later.

* * * * *

Maura Conway opened the door of her cottage. She drew a low chair outside, and seated herself. She held her knitting in her hands. For an hour or so the light would be good just before dusk. The sun was setting over the sea. She liked to sit this way of an evening to watch the cars passing on the road. Sometimes Michael Ryan would be passing with the fish. He always gave her a few herrings or mackerel. People were kind to Maura. They brought her turf home, and Mrs. O'Byrne, in the cottage at the end of the boreen, always kept an eye on her. During her illness, had she not nursed her like a daughter?

But now, something unusual had happened. Last week she had had a visitor—a strange young lady who was painting pictures in the village. She had asked to see the inside of the cottage. Maura showed her the chairs, the spinning-wheel and the old loom that belonged to her mother. It was when she stood to admire the little altar the Angelus bell sounded from the village. She—Maura—recited the *Angelus*, but the young lady did not seem to understand. She told Maura in a rather shy way that she was not a Catholic, and Maura's heart had yearned to her for, as she said to herself, she did not know of the great wonder of the Mass or the sweet comfort of the Rosary beads through her fingers.

Since then she had come several times to the cottage, always bringing a little delicacy for Maura; and Maura was grateful. She could never repay her. But there was one thing she could do, she told herself: she could ask God to give the light of Faith to Miss Adams. From now on it would be her principal intention at Mass or whenever she said her beads.

Often she recalled the words of the old priest when, forty years before she stood at the grave of her only child. "Mrs. Conway," he had said, "you have borne your cross uncomplainingly. Some day, perhaps, you may want a great favour from God. In return for your great sacrifice He will surely grant it." And now the memory of those words brought a strange feeling of hope to Maura. She folded her knitting upon her lap and her worn fingers lingered over the brown beads. She would finish the fifteen Mysteries, she told herself, although a white rain-cloud was hanging over the mountain-tops. She did not notice until she moved from her chair some time later, the heavy mist that was spreading had fallen heavily upon her.

* * * *

After two days' incessant rain it had cleared, and the great Ben stood clear and blue against the morning sky. Margaret Adams viewed it from the hotel window. For two whole days she had been forced to remain indoors. Poor old Maura must have been disappointed, she thought. She had promised to visit her the evening before last, but the blinding rain that had swept down from the mountains over the entire countryside had prevented her. But Maura would understand. It was pleasant to spend an evening in her cottage—the cosy kitchen, with its open hearth and blazing turf fire.

Ten minutes later Margaret Adams went along the narrow road to Maura's cottage. The grass seemed greener and fresher after the rain, and on the shore several fishermen were emptying a boat.

Little Johnny O'Byrne was coming along, driving two cows. He quickened his steps as he approached her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Adams, there is something I must tell you," he murmured. "It's about Maura. She was taken bad yesterday morning. She's dying, I think. Mother is over now at the cottage. She told me to call at the hotel and tell you."

A stricken look came into Margaret Adams' dark eyes. Maura Conway, her dear friend, dying! Why, it was unbelievable! Only three days ago she had sat and chatted to her in the cottage.

Several moments later she turned in at the boreen and went quickly up to the cottage. Mrs. O'Byrne met her at the door.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Adams. She's sinking fast. She's unconscious now. It was all so sudden. Took cold that misty night, sitting outside the door. Fr. Keogh came this morning and anointed her. . . . But come in, Miss Adams, perhaps you would like to see her."

Margaret Adams followed her into the little darkened bedroom. There was a soft murmur of women's voices as they recited the Litany for the Dead. Three candles burned upon the tiny altar. Several women moved aside as she entered.

She knelt quietly beside them. The solemnity of Death was in the room. Tears came to her eyes when she saw the still figure upon the bed. Now and again a woman's sobbing broke the softened murmur. Margaret Adams was for the third time in the presence of death. Twice before—but how different! No prayers, no faith, no lighted candles. She watched the still form of her friend and the brown Rosary entwined about her fingers. Margaret Adams found herself repeating the words of the Litany. They were strange, consoling words, and as she watched, the shadow of a smile for a moment seemed to touch the pallid face that was now gradually assuming the calm peacefulness of death.

* * * * *

On a dark winter morning several months later, Margaret Adams had the supreme happiness of becoming a Catholic. She attended Mass for the first time in a certain little church in Chelsea. That day also marked the opening of the Art Exhibition. Amongst the water-colour sketches exhibited by Margaret Adams was one of a pretty Irish cottage, which she emphatically declared was not for sale.

*****@*****

Death of Witness of Knock Apparition



MRS. MARY O'CONNELL,
who witnessed the Apparition at
Knock in 1879.

to go before God for judgment.

Mrs. O'Connell was 36 years old when she and a number of other villagers saw the apparition.

As she described it to me, the gable wall of the church was bathed in a wonderful light—"something like moonlight" (yet daylight was still strong). Standing in the midst of this light were three figures whom the villagers identified as Our Lady, wearing a crown, St. Joseph and St. John. Behind them was an altar and on it was a lamb bearing a cross.

The three figures were motionless and said nothing. One woman approached the wall and tried to touch Our Lady's feet. All she felt was the wall.

Archbishop Gilmartin of Tuam has set up an official commission to investigate the alleged miracle. Mrs. O'Connell's account will be the chief evidence.—R.I.P.

MRS. MARY O'CONNELL, principal surviving witness of the alleged apparition of Our Lady, St. Joseph and St. John the Evangelist, fifty-seven years ago in the village of Knock, Co. Mayo, is dead, says the *Universe*.

She had been mortally ill for many months, suffering pain and hardly able to move in her old-fashioned boxed-in bed in a corner of her farm-house home, and her death must have come as a merciful release. She was 87 years of age.

When I saw her last July (writes a *Universe* representative), Mrs. O'Connell was patiently awaiting her end. She was finding it difficult to breathe, but she willingly told me what she had seen on a wall of the old church at Knock in the evening of August 21, 1879, and she answered several questions.

In Mrs. O'Connell there was not a trace of the enthusiastic and unconvincing campaigner: her only hope was that the truth should be established. From our talk I was convinced that if the ecclesiastical authorities decided, after hearing all the evidence, that they could not recognise the miracle, she would accept the verdict at once and without demur.

But she firmly believed that she had seen Our Lady, St. Joseph and St. John, and in all the fifty-seven years that have passed since that August evening no one has been able to give a satisfactory natural explanation of the apparition.

Last Christmas she made a sworn statement. When this had been read back to her she asked that one addition should be made, namely, that she had made the statement believing that she was about

The Church and the Churches

.....(3).....

HERBERT A. VANE

*It is always startling to see what
havoc can follow from one blunder.
It is even more startling in the
history of religion. A single error
will disfigure a religious system
beyond recognition :: :: ::*

HERESY is essentially a contradiction. So are many of the other things which are incidentally but necessarily connected with it. But there is an aspect in which it is not heresy in the sense of contradiction. A heretic who says "no" with a reason does not contradict his principle if he always says "no" when he has the same reason for saying it—though he is sure to contradict himself. In other words, a heretic is no heretic to his assumed right of contradiction, provided he goes on contradicting. There is every reason why he should. There is no reason why he should not. Most heretics of alert mind do. And it all leads logically to a surprise.

With apologies, let us immediately introduce the Bible, that good book which has been the polemical battle-ground for a few centuries back. Modern heresies are every one responsible for their origin to the claim that the complete revelation of Jesus Christ is to be discovered to the individual believer by his private and reasonable interpretation of that book. We all agree that some divine revelation—in fact a great part of it—is contained in the Bible. But that will not concern us, since we are only to be spectators of a dialectical performance, not censors of criteria.

If a man with any pretence to reasoning rejects a sheaf of presumably spurious revelation because it is not lucidly, comprehensively and definitely stated in his Bible, then he cannot be excused, from a logical viewpoint, from rejecting all revelation which is not lucidly, comprehensively and definitely stated in his Bible. If he is too exacting to be satisfied with Scriptural evidence for papal supremacy or infallibility, he should be too exacting to be satisfied with Scriptural evidence for Scriptural inspiration, for the systematic completeness of Scriptural revelation or for the right of private judgment. Then where is he? Religiously he is in the neighbourhood of universal scepticism.

But these tactics are widely practised in many departments of dogma. And they are productive of strange subversions of opinion. All because the voice of reason cannot be satisfactorily choked. The stolid level-headedness of the average man is a death-warrant to any particular heretical station. Heresy cannot exist except in a state of flux. It is impossible for the average man to fondle the head of a principle without being in visible proximity to the tail. A housemaid will not hang out handkerchiefs to dry very long without discovering that a pillow slip would fare just as well on the wash line. Heresy is doomed to die by the same sense of consistency, though it may be fated to many weary *ante mortem* pilgrimages. An inexorable contradiction of truth means self-contradiction in the end; for balking at evidence once justifies balking at it always as far as consistency goes.

This is not theory only. It is not a prophecy which precedes fact but an explanation consequent on fact.

The history of doctrine affords instances of this in respect to many a dogma and to many a revolution of opinion concerning the same dogma. The Lutheran reform—the parent of all Protestant reform—simplified the principle of Christian morality to the one element—faith. Within a century the Puritans had reduced it to conventionality. The Catholic position of faith supplemented with works was shared piecemeal. Although the Catholic Church is now what she was then,

those who departed from her have gone through a complete cycle of self-contradiction—from faith and works, to faith alone, then to works alone, and nowadays to a glorious optimism which can get along without either. As yet the units of the cycle have not overlapped. They have not come back to the Catholic system of faith *and* works. But from analogies drawn from their past style there are strong hopes for even that.

It is always startling to see what havoc can follow from one blunder. It is even more startling in the history of religion. A single error will disfigure a religious system beyond recognition with the same certainty that an initial mistake in a mathematical problem will vary the result by millions if it runs into high enough figures. And not caprice but consistency does it—rigorous consistency at that. Take an apparently negligible theological manoeuvre. Humility can be roughly defined as a practical acknowledgment of our natural inferiority to God and also of our personal inferiority to the moral perfection of our nature because of sin. Drop humility from the Christian system and see where it lands you. If humility is improper, then logic will say there is no such thing as sin or forgiveness or redemption or sacraments or grace or creation. For if any one of these doctrines fits into a system, humility must fit into it also. If humility is discarded while any or all of these other doctrines continue to be held, then we can sit quietly by and await the time when consistency begins to do its leavening and humility is reclaimed and reburnished as a quite necessary bit of furniture. And we must not be surprised at such an inevitable revolution of opinion.

This recalls a cycle of contradiction which is completed in our own day and thrust very frequently under the public eye. It is the pathetic and popular attempt at unity among the sects. There are plenty of reunion conferences to discuss. Well, who knows what they discuss or why they discuss it or how they expect to get closer together when everyone wants everyone else to get closer to him? They do seem to get the minimum of business done. But, turning our attention to something more important than the minutes of these conferences, we find that unity at the present moment is a great and brilliant ideal. Certainly the pursuit of unity is seconded by the toil—and presumably by the tears—of many a sincere sectarian, frocked and unfrocked.

This fact has interest for Catholics. *What* is happening would have a separate and profound interest even though it is much more interesting *why* it is happening. What is happening is an event which will in some way affect the relations of the sects to the Catholic Church from the very fact that it augurs a sheering from one religious situation to another. While we are doubtful what the event will be—even doubtful which alternative would be most acceptable to us—we can be certain that the sects in their reunion efforts are standing, in aspiration at least, on the same ground they stood on before they became sects with all the sectarian heartaches which pursue them till now. I say that to us the major interest is in *why* it is happening. The very interesting answer is that it is consistency naturally running into a contradiction of its original blunder.

Before the Reformation no one ever thought of the Church of Christ as anything but an organized Church. Plainly written in the Bible, much more plainly stated in tradition, the Church Christ founded was an organization which could not be reduced to less than two elements—an authority that was supreme, and subordination that was various. A thing so logically apt as authority was not disputed, although there had been schisms about the localization of that authority. Authority was involved in the economy of directing the operations of an institution whose office of teaching definite doctrine and administering definite sacraments was as visible a work as any commercial enterprise could be and required just as relatively complex an organization. Organization and authority, as an element of organization, were conceded as substantial sections of the architecture of the Church of Christ.

They were so admitted until the sects were born of rebellion and began to steer their course by private judgment. Then authority went and organization with it. Organization was sacrificed as a holocaust to consistency, the great Moloch who receives the teeming harvests that are reaped of initial mistake.

And now the day has come when the sects are hot-foot after the organization they once threw away. At least that is how it looks. If they continue to think that the Church of Christ is a dispersed and unrecognizable group of individuals united in some secret and undefined way, they would not be sighing after reunion.

That was a bad experiment. The Church of Christ as they imagined it got to be what could never be the Church of Christ; but, marching with no freight but private judgment, it went very rightly to where it finally arrived, or showed shocking symptoms of arriving there. That terminal is downright scepticism.

And these people have sneered at the abuses of "Papistry." As a matter of fact it is strict history that not one authorized definition of doctrine by the Roman Catholic Church has even been retracted. But the whole cosmopolitan audience has been treated time and time again to the sight of the sects paying their debt to consistency by swallowing huge doses of dogma which they have once rejected.

However, we should not rejoice over the discomfiture of the sects. That would be a salvo to Lucifer. We will feel humble in the possession of Christ's unadulterated revelations. But we will remember that quite as estimable as His doctrines is the spirit of Christ. Many events which are within the scope of Christ's grace can be shaped by the impulse of a simple prayer. Neither have we reason to refuse, nor our Protestant brethren reason to resent, a hearty supplication to God that he will lead them to the truth. No misguided idealism of our Protestant brethren can allay the pain of making the venture of faith—in other words, of taking a long chance on being right. Security in certitude, not courage in uncertainty, is the tone of Christianity. We may be able to induce God to bring our brethren out of the dark, perhaps by goading them to be consistent even more.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The subscriptions of the vast majority of our readers expire with the last issue of the year.

We respectfully request all concerned, therefore, kindly to send us their remittances for 1937 not later than December 20th. This will save much trouble both to them and to us, and will obviate the unpleasant procedure of sending further notification regarding the renewal of subscriptions.

We also ask our readers kindly to regard the delivery of the January No. of "THE CROSS" as a receipt for their subscriptions without any further acknowledgment."

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"THE CROSS," MOUNT ARGUS, DUBLIN, S.W.7.

Ladyslipper ~ ~ D. M. ANDERSON

CHAPTER XII.—*Ladyslipper.*

THE Dance of the Dying Butterfly was over, and with a little bow, Nan turned from the stage. She was very tired and she always felt a terrible reaction after the strain of dancing. And then there was the return to the Hart family and her life of drudgery. She ached for Dr. West. She had grown to love the big man who had been so kind to her, and who was so strong and protecting.

She was walking through the wings when the scent of roses, sweet and overwhelming, made her stop. She looked up, and there, smiling down at her, his arms full of a great bouquet of roses, stood Dr. West.

She stood still, looking up at him in bewilderment, and from him to the tall man standing beside him.

Dr. West stooped and put the huge bouquet of roses into her arms.

"There, little Butterfly," he said.

But the sight of him was too much. She did not belong to him any more, and she never would. Two great tears rose in her eyes.

He stooped and pushed back the curls from her face, but footsteps behind them made Doctor West turn round.

Standing still and watching the scene was a tall, well-groomed man. He held himself with an air of authority, and Hart cringing beside him looked a most contemptible little object. Leaning against the wall, his hands in his pockets, lounged Neville, with an air of intense interest about him, in spite of his lazy attitude, as if he felt that Nan's affairs had at last reached their climax.

The stranger bowed.

"Good evening, Madame," he addressed Nancy, as if she was a grown-up grand lady.

"Good evening!" answered Nan softly.

"As your manager does not seem inclined to do the polite and introduce me, I must introduce myself." He glanced superciliously at the man beside him. "I am Mr. Strong of His Majesty's Theatre."

Doctor West looked up sharply, and Drake whistled under his breath, only Nan looked unconcerned. Mr. Strong, of His Majesty's Theatre, most obviously conveyed nothing to her.

Mr. Strong's mouth twitched a minute as if with suppressed amusement. He evidently was not used to be unrecognised; however, he continued evenly.

"I have come, Madame, to offer you an engagement in my Theatre. We will be prepared to pay you twenty pounds a week, to begin with."

Nan's eyes grew enormous, and she looked at her prospective manager as if he was mad.

"I mean it," he said, seriously, "but of course if that is not enough we are prepared to meet you. I do not know of course what your present manager is giving you."

"Five shillings a week!" answered Nan, completely unaware of the ghastly statement that she was making.

The three men looked as if a thunderbolt had struck them; even Neville seemed completely roused for once. He had no idea that Hart's meanness had been so complete, but when they looked round for the culprit he had vanished.

"Never mind," said West coldly, "you may leave him to me! Nan had better consider Mr. Strong's offer. But if you will be so kind as to let me say one word first, sir," he bowed to the manager of His Majesty's Theatre, "I had come to make Nan an offer too. Would you like to go and dance for Mr. Strong, dear, or will you come and be my little girl?"

For a long minute Nan stood looking at him. If it had not been for her mother's debts she would not have hesitated an instant, but she could not go and be happy with the blot still on her mother's memory.

Slipping her little hand into West's, she looked up at him longingly. "I would rather go and live with you," she said, "but I am afraid that I must go and work for Mr. Strong."

West turned very white, and Drake and Neville drew near, while Mr. Strong watched his prospective star with interest.

"Why, dear?" asked West, gently.

Nan looked up at the grave face looking down at her.

"My mother left some debts when she died," she answered very low, "and I must pay them off to clear her memory."

West's arm went tightly round her.

"That was nothing but a lie of your guardian's to get your money, darling," he said.

"Wasn't it true?" cried Nan, as if unable to believe her ears.

Doctor West nodded.

"No, it wasn't true," he said.

For a minute Nan looked at him, and then she burst into tears. West put his arm round her, butterfly's wings and all, and the other three men drew back a little, looking uncomfortable.

When Nan began to stop crying a little, West looked at the others with a smile.

"It is only the reaction," he said. "Those scoundrels have made her believe that she must work to pay off her mother's debts, poor little kid."

Neville came forward looking very grave.

"I am beastly sorry," he said, "but really I knew nothing of all this. I did not realise that Hart was such a complete beast."

West held out his hand.

"I am sure you didn't, and I am sure, too, that they did not want you to know," he said, warmly, "and I am convinced that you did all you could to be kind to Nan. There now, that's better!" he added, as she raised her head from his arm.

"I am so sorry," she said, "I did not mean to cry."

Then she looked at Mr. Strong, while she drew closer in the circle of West's arm.

"I am very grateful to you for wanting me," she said, "but I would rather be Doctor West's little girl."

For a moment the manager of His Majesty's Theatre looked at her. He was unaccustomed to a refusal like this, for his theatre was far and away the best. Then he looked at Neville and laughed.

"Most stars would have been overwhelmed at the offer," he said, and added, turning to West: "I'll keep the offer open in case she likes to continue her career presently, but she obviously needs a rest for the moment. Good-bye, little Butterfly," he bent down and took her hand reverently in his, "you have made the best choice," and with a smile he turned and walked away down the passage.

Neville looked after him a minute, then he stepped forward.

"Good-bye, Nan," he said, "I am glad that you have a kind father now; it will make up for everything you have had to suffer with us."

Nan looked up.

"It isn't good-bye," she said, "and you have never made me suffer, you have always been very good to me. I'll come and see you and Rosie and Willie and Joe. Give them my love and tell them that I will come soon. And thank Mrs. Drew too, she has been awfully kind to me."

Neville looked at West, who smiled, but he knew full well that the doctor would never let Nan come back again, even to see them.

Doctor West turned to the silent man beside him.

"This is Mr. Drake, Nan dear. He has taken such a lot of trouble to settle your affairs and get everything straight. But it is all quite right now, and you can be my little girl for always."

Nan held out her hand.

"I can't thank you enough," she said, "but perhaps some day I shall be able to help you."

Drake looked pleased and embarrassed at being thanked.

"It will be thanks enough to see you happy," he answered. "I'll go on and get the car round to the side door," he added, turning to West, "it is the last performance, so we can take her away just as she is, butterfly wings and all."

When he had gone, and the two were left alone in the long passage, West drew a deep breath.

"I can't believe that you are really mine," he said.

Nan looked up at him, her heart was too full to speak.

"It is my birthday to-day," he continued, "and Our Lady has given me the best birthday present a man ever had."

Nan looked up questioningly.

"Yes, it is you. Our Lady has given me her little Ladyslipper to look after for always."

"Yes, for always," said Nan, smiling through her tears.

THE END.

NEW SERIAL STORY—

COMMENCES IN JANUARY

In this issue of *THE CROSS* we print the concluding instalment of "Ladyslipper," probably one of the most popular and most appealing serials that it has been our good fortune to publish. No doubt our readers are wondering what treat we have in store for them for 1937.

We are happy to announce that our Serial Story for next year is well worthy to find a place amongst the many fine features for which *THE CROSS* is renowned. The author is already well known to our readers, but in this full-length novel she reaches new heights of literary and dramatic achievement. Without keeping our readers further in suspense, we venture to claim that

"The Problem Page" By FRANCES MacBRIDE

will delight and fascinate every reader of *THE CROSS* in 1937.

From the moment when Diana Stainsforth (lovely name for a heroine, isn't it?) is left alone in the world after the tragic death of her father, to the day when she takes charge of "The Problem Page" of a great national journal, and devotes herself to unravelling the tangled skeins of life's problems for those who seek her advice, the story moves swiftly towards a romantic and eminently satisfactory conclusion.

As a slight indication of the development of the theme, we give the chapter headings for each instalment:

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| I. TRAGEDY AT GRIEVE. | VII. SEARCH. |
| II. THE AWAKENING. | VIII. THE FINDING OF THE PEARL. |
| III. THE KIND HAVEN. | IX. "DEFENDER OF THE FAITH." |
| IV. "WHATEVER THY RIGHT HAND" | X. EVELYN. |
| V. THE ADVENT OF JOHN. | XI. "SO FIND WE PROFIT—" |
| VI. SORROW AT QUAIN. | XII. THE FURTHER SHORE. |

Further particulars of this enchanting serial will appear in the *CROSS ANNUAL*. Meanwhile we earnestly request all to make sure, by promptly renewing their order for *THE CROSS* for 1937, that they do not miss the first nor any subsequent instalment. In this connection, may we draw your special attention to the notice on page 360?

Passionist Notes and News

ENGLAND.

Exhumation of Ven. Dominic, C.P.

We are informed that, in accordance with the canonical requirements, the remains of Ven. Dominic of the Mother of God were exhumed for the purposes of official recognition and authentication on November 5th. By a striking coincidence this was the anniversary of the day on which the Servant of God first landed in England. We are awaiting an official account of this ceremony, which has not yet arrived at the date of going to press.

Receptions and Professions.

At St. Saviour's Retreat, Broadway, Wores., Novitiate of St. Joseph's Province, the following receptions and professions have recently taken place.

On October 4th, the following novices received the religious habit at the hands of V. Rev. Fr. Linus, C.P., Master of Novices:

Francis O'Farrell (Dublin), in religion Conf. Edmund.

Walter Bentley (Accrington), in religion Conf. Gerald.

George Hamer (Bootle), in religion Conf. Aloysius.

And on October 19th:

Thomas Rice (Bootle), in religion Conf. Basil.

On October 21st, the following were admitted to profession:

Confrater Eugene (Kennan), Liverpool.
Confrater Casimir (Byrne), Dublin.

And on November 4th, Brother Alphonsus (Warrington), was professed.

IRELAND.

A Golden Jubilee.

His many friends will learn with pleasure that on December 21st, Fr. Benedict (Donegan), C.P., will celebrate the Golden Jubilee of his ordination. This veteran Passionist, at present a member of the community at Holy Cross, Ardoyne, Belfast, was professed in 1882, and ordained in 1886. For many years he laboured in Australia, and at various periods he has been stationed at almost every retreat in these countries. Occupied chiefly in discharging the arduous tasks of Lector, he directed the studies of many successive classes of students. A Golden Jubilee of ordination is a sufficiently rare event amongst the Passionists, and all will join in extending congratulations to the Jubilarian, with the time-honoured wish: *Ad multos annos!*

ITALY.

Famous Novitiate Re-opened.

Readers of the "Life" of St. Gabriel will remember that when he entered the Passionist Congregation, he received the habit at Morrovalle, on 21st September, 1856. In the same Retreat he completed his noviceship and made his religious profession. A few years later, in 1861, the revolutionaries invaded the Province of the Marches, suppressed the religious orders and closed up the monasteries. Time passed by until at

length, in 1926, the Passionists were able to return to Morrovalle and re-open the abandoned Retreat. The past ten years have been spent in the work of reorganising and rebuilding the almost ruined monastery, and now the crown has been added to the work by the restoration of the Novitiate to Morrovalle. On September 15th, twelve novices were clothed with the habit, thus inaugurating anew the work of religious formation and spiritual culture, which had been in abeyance at Morrovalle for over fifty years. Under the patronage of St. Gabriel, those who are fortunate enough to make their noviceship in that Retreat can hardly fail to profit by his example and to share his spirit.

PERU.

Consecration of Passionist Bishop.

On August 16th, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Athanasius Jauregui, C.P., was consecrated Titular Bishop of Mossina and Vicar-Apostolic of St. Gabriel de Maranon, Peru. The ceremony took place in the Metropolitan Basilica in the presence of a large and distinguished congregation, which included the Prime Minister, Senor Montagne, who represented the President of the Republic, and many members of the Government. The consecrating prelate was the Apostolic Nuncio to Peru, His Excellency Mgr. Cajetan Cicognani, assisted by Mgr. Berroa, Bishop of Huanuca and Mgr. Vargas, Bishop of Huaras. Amongst those also present in the sanctuary were Mgr. Farfan, Archbishop of Lima and Mgr. Irigoyen, Bishop of Truxillo.

UNITED STATES.

Dedication of New Church.

On September 29th, which was also the Diamond Jubilee of the establishment of the Passionists at Union City, N.J., the new St. Michael's Church was solemnly dedicated. This church replaces the one destroyed by fire two years ago. Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Walsh, Bishop of Newark, whilst the dedication-sermon was preached by Mgr. Duffy, Bishop of Syracuse. In the evening, Mgr. Dalman, C.P., Bishop of Cienfuegos, officiated at Solemn Pontifical Vespers, the sermon being delivered by Mgr. Fulton J. Sheen.

The new church includes a basement chapel or crypt, which is as long and as wide as the upper church. This called for extensive excavation and construction work, but by November last year the crypt was being used for devotions. The upper church is 248 feet long and 88 feet wide, with seating accommodation for 1,600. Its two flanking towers and great central dome vividly recall the old St. Michael's. In the interior, however, there are many points of difference, notably in the new and spacious sanctuary which affords ample space for ceremonies. The paintings, stained-glass windows and mural decorations are of the highest quality, and the beauty and richness of the new church are ample justification for the length of time spent in rebuilding.

Our Question Box: : Answers to our Readers' Queries.

"Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge."—Ps. cxviii., 66.

BEFORE COMMUNION.

A person has a quarrel with a friend, after having been to Confession but before going to Communion. Afterwards, she is sorry for having offended God by this lack of charity, but is still unable to overcome her resentment against her friend. Is it all right for such a person to receive Communion?—“May” (Dublin).

It is a peculiar thing that one can be sorry for one's conduct before God, without repenting for the injury or displeasure given to the neighbour. Is not God offended in the person of the neighbour? Our Lord tells His followers that if they wish to present a gift to the altar, and there remember that their brother has anything against them, they should go first and be reconciled to him, and *then*, coming, offer their gift. For all the greater reason a communicant should be reconciled with her neighbour if she wishes to be at peace with God, when receiving the Blessed Eucharist, which is the Sacrament of Unity.

FORBIDDEN BOOKS: BAD PICTURES.

(1) *How can a person tell whether or not a book is forbidden? I ask this because I have often heard the expression, “forbidden book.”*

(2) *If a person goes to a movie, knowing that the picture has some immodest scenes, does he have to tell that in confession?—M. C. (Dublin).*

(1) Forbidden books may be forbidden either by the Roman Index (a list of books condemned by the Congregation of the Holy Office as dangerous to faith and morals); or they may be forbidden by the natural law, which prescribes that we take sufficient precautions against dangers to body and soul. This latter index may be much wider in scope than the former. In case one doubts about the character of a book, he should find out from one who knows; his pastor or confessor, for instance. However, he cannot expect that every dangerous book is mentioned in the Roman Index, or that a priest is able to judge off-hand concerning every new book which issues from the press. In most cases the reader's conscience must be his guide.

(2) It all depends on circumstances. A trained conscience and appreciation of your own weaknesses should be a guide for you personally.

ABSTINENCE IN SPAIN.

Are the Catholics of Spain permitted to eat meat on Friday? If so, please explain why?—R. C. (Dublin).

Yes, by virtue of a special indult granted by the Holy See called the *Bulla Cruciatæ*. This papal indult originally granted indulgences in favour of those who took part directly or indirectly in the wars against the Moors in Spain. The Bull continued to be granted by successive Pontiffs ever after the cessation of war. Besides plenary and

other indulgences, this Bull grants to the faithful laity who live in Spanish dominions, or who come thither from elsewhere, the privilege of eating flesh meat on all days of abstinence throughout the year, with the exception of ten days. Abstinence from flesh meat is a law of the Church from which the Pope can dispense for grave reasons.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Why do our separated brethren say “I believe in the Holy Catholic Church?” Did the words “Holy Catholic” appear in the creed of the apostles?—H. B. G. (Belfast).

The use of this expression by certain Protestants may be explained by their conception of the nature of the Church founded by Christ. Some of these maintain that the Church of Christ is not a visible society, with external rites and means of government, but an invisible and spiritual one. Thus, according to them, all belong to the Church who worship God “in spirit and in truth,” even though they be members of various sects. This practice is an instance of the merely human origin of Protestantism, and also its inconsistency. For if it suffices to worship God “in spirit and in truth,” why do they consider it necessary to belong to a visible and organized church? Moreover, they who use this formula profess to believe in a church which is Catholic, the while they adhere to one which is not—neither in time, place, followers, or doctrine. From the beginning of Christianity the creed contains the words “I believe in Holy Church.” The word “Catholic” was added to the creed in the catechism formulated by the Council of Trent, 1545 A.D.

IS IT RIGHT?

May a woman undergo a surgical operation which prevents the bearing of children?—“X” Dublin.

If this is done for an evil purpose it is a grievous sin, since it is a violation of nature. If for a good and legitimate end, such as the preservation of the health of the body, it is lawful. The health of the whole body is to be preferred to the well-being of a member thereof.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

What is the meaning of the words: “Heaven and earth shall pass, but my word shall not pass.”—“J. F. B.” (Belfast).

The difficulty which arises in the minds of many in regard to this text is caused by the misconception that the word “heaven” is taken to mean the abode of the blessed. Our Lord here meant that material heaven; just as the “earth” means the place where we dwell. The text means that His words are more enduring than the most stable and permanent things, for they shall pass away but “the word of the Lord endureth for ever.” Read *Isaias*, 56; 1; *I Cor.* 7: 31; *I Pet* 3: 13.

Book Reviews

PROMISES OF CHRIST. By Mother Mary Philip, I.B.V.M. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, London. Pp. 113. 3s. 6d.

The Supernatural virtue of Hope is based upon the great promises of Almighty God—so we pray "Oh my God I hope in Thee, for grace and for glory because of Thy promises, Thy mercy, and Thy power." These promises as set forth in the Gospels, in the words of Christ, are the subject of Mother Mary Philip's book. She has arranged them so as to cover the whole extent of the spiritual life. Beginning with the promises concerning the Holy Eucharist, she proceeds logically to the promises concerning Faith, Love, Fraternal Charity, Prayer, Self-sacrifice, etc., till the climax is reached in the Promise of Fulfilment—"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." The author, in her foreword, tells us that the aim of her book is to help towards the realisation of what is meant by the oft-repeated responsory—"That we may be made worthy of the Promises of Christ," and her aim is achieved. It is hard to single out any one section for special mention, but I think her treatment of the Promises concerning the Interior Life will appeal to most and be real encouragement to them in their striving after closer union with God. We can hardly style her book as a collection of essays; it is something more than that, and while we would like to call it a series of meditations, it is not that either. Rather is it a happy combination of both, meant to interest, to provoke to prayer and to inspire the soul with boundless trust in the Promises of Christ. Most of the sections terminate with a prayer and we are glad to note that many of them are beautiful translations of the Liturgical prayers to be found in the Missal. We would like to see this book published in prayer-book form, for use before the Blessed Sacrament.

OUR FATHER. By the late Cardinal Lepicier. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. 132. 5s.

"Lord teach us to pray." It was the Apostles' request of their Divine Master, and His response was the "Our Father." It is the perfect prayer, composed by Christ Himself, the prayer of love, trust and petition. Its words have been faithfully preserved in the Gospel records. Everywhere the Gospel has been preached it has been learned by heart, and become the spontaneous outpouring of the Christian soul, when it bows in deep submission before its Lord and Father. After the "Hail Mary," it is most frequently upon our lips, and therein lies a danger. Words that are repeated frequently, by their very repetition are apt to become a jangle on the lips, a merely mechanical movement of the vocal organs. The voice was not intended by God to be the only instrument of prayer.

"These people honour Me with their lips but their hearts are far from Me." Prayer is an elevation of the soul principally, and so the soul must be praying that words may have a meaning.

This is the principal aim and end of the late Cardinal Lepicier's book, to awaken the soul to the deeper meanings of the "Our Father," that when she prays her prayer may be the perfect union of word and spirit. Those who have read his book explaining the "Hail Mary" (Behold thy Mother) will know what to expect, and will be eager to possess this companion volume on the "Our Father." He writes with great simplicity and with deep understanding of his subject and the needs of the soul. His appeal is mainly an appeal to intellect, to fill it with a deep understanding of what is contained in the simple words. I can guarantee that all who read this book will be helped immeasurably to overcome the many distractions that beset them when they kneel to pray, and will be inspired with the sentiments of true "children" when they say "Our Father."

DEO GRATIAS and other Lyrics. By Mary V. Angel. 1s.

Christmas time is fast approaching, and that means presents and good wishes. Here is a lovely little book that will supply for both. It is tastefully produced in a blue paper cover with cellophane jacket, which adds to its attractiveness. And the Poetry? It is such that will delight the heart of those who enjoy simple things, simply and beautifully sung. To these things is the author herself specially attracted.

"I thank Thee Lord that Thou hast lent,
To my poor heart the deep content
To find in little things my joy—
The Poems are not all religious, although the spirit of deep Faith breathes through them all. I like especially "Christmas Thought," written with the swing of the good old carols:—

"Let us all remember through our laughter
and our glee,
That Christmas is Christ's birthday and
a time of charity."

There are verses to appeal to everyone—even mother in her "Kitchen" is not forgotten. The children (the tiny ones) are sung to in ten delightful little pieces at the end. Yes, indeed! "A nice Christmas present and Christmas wish." The book may be had from the author—Mary V. Angel, "Silver Ley," Oaklands Road, Upper Warlingham, Surrey, or from: The Abbey Press, East Bergholt, nr. Colchester, Essex.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Owing to unusual pressure on our space we are obliged to omit several book reviews and also our usual Gaelic Page.



The Guild of St. Gabriel

A Literary Circle for Young Readers of "The Cross."

Conducted by Francis.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

- I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle : open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.
- II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.
- III. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of St. Gabriel.

GENTLY over the world, with a light footfall, the spirit of Peace is stealing, the beautiful harbinger that proclaims the coming of the Christ-Child to earth ; and our hearts fill with joy while our souls glow with welcome as our thoughts dwell deeply on the message of the Child-God lying in the rude manger amidst strands of hay and yellow wisps of straw. From His Heaven He comes to draw all hearts to Him, and with tender feelings of love and joy we kneel and worship beside the Crib wherein He lies. May little Jesus stretch out His Hands in blessing over each and every one of the members of our Guild, may He fill their hearts with purity, the Queen of virtues, so that at length they may be worthy to dwell with Him in an eternity of happiness and joy.

MY POST BAG.

Many are the letters that have come this month, but more numerous are the stories and essays ; and my post bag is weighed down with good things from the four corners of Ireland and from across the seas. I am truly delighted with the immense pile of essays from my talented boys and girls. Adjudication would not be easy if one were to award the prize for the best essay on the joys of Christmas as most of the competitors dealt with that aspect of the subject in their very fine papers, but the prize-winner deals chiefly with the subject of the title—The Glories of Christmas—and therefore one has no hesitation in selecting her work for the prize. It is always well for essay writers to adhere to the title. Some wander off into by-paths. The Glories of Christmas are not the material things of this world—the plum puddings, the presents, the entertainments, but the spiritual things of Heaven, the coming of the Christ-Child with His message of peace and goodwill to all mankind, the fact that Christmas Day is the birthday of Christ and the rejoicing of the Church in commemoration

of the birth of the great Messiah. Such are the true glories of Christmas. After a long silence, PEG MURRAY writes to us again. Indeed, we have not forgotten you, Peg. Where have you been all these months ? I am glád you intend to work hard for the Guild in future. Welcome to our corner, JOE BOGUES. I hope to hear from you often. The joke was not by any means suitable to a Catholic magazine. Where did you fish it up ? A happy prize-winner, MARY O'LEARY, of the *Brigidine Convent, Mountrath*, writes a charming little note in praise of her prize-book. Yes, I too, hope you may carry off many a prize, Mary.

THE "CROSS ANNUAL."

"The Cross Annual," which will soon be on sale, and which promises to be better than ever this year, always calls forth songs of praises from the members of our Guild. Even the back numbers which are treasured up in many a home are mentioned from time to time by those who love to delve into their stores of pleasurable things. In a delightful letter from SHEILA McANDREW, the following passage occurs : "I was looking up old 'Cross Annuals' the other day, and I noticed that each year the stories, articles and poems were better than the last, so I cannot imagine

IMPORTANT.

- (1) Newcomers will please write a personal note to *Francis*, apart from their competition paper, asking for admission to the Guild.
- (2) A Badge of St. Gabriel will be awarded to each member who enrolls Five new members.
- (3) Put your name, address and age on the COMPETITION PAPER ; enclose the Guild Coupon, and see that the correct amount of postage is paid.
- (4) Address your letters to : "*Francis*," Guild of St. Gabriel, THE CROSS, Mount Argus, Dublin.

what the 1937 'Cross Annual' will be like, because this year's was the best I ever read, and I don't know how the Manager will be able to produce a better 'Annual.' I brought this year's 'Annual' into school to show it to some of my friends, and the teacher took a fancy to one of the poems called 'Tangmalangaloo' and she taught it to us at elocution class." I hope, dear Sheila, you will find a rich mine of enjoyment in the coming "Cross Annual." It will be the finest of all. Little MARY McANDREW writes an interesting letter also. She has begun to compose poetry. Here is her first effort, in "My Goodnight Prayer to Jesus":

"O dearest Jesus the day is o'er,
And I have displeased Thy dear Heart
once more;
But I will try not to sin again,
O Jesus I would love not to cause Thee
pain.

Good-night, dear Jesus, I am sure you are
sad,
But I will try to make your Heart glad,
By trying not to sin to-morrow,
And I hope loving Jesus I shall heal your
sorrow."

The thoughts are very sweet and tender, Mary, and I feel sure Our Divine Lord felt happy when He heard you whispering this little prayer. From Arklow comes a new friend, ANGELA CAREW, with a request for admission. We are glad to have you amongst us, Angela, and hope you will find many pleasures in St. Gabriel's corner. Our patron is a wonderful helper of students. Pray to him and you will experience his help and guidance in all your studies and difficulties. I trust you will compete frequently and introduce some of your school-friends to our literary circle. JOAN MCCARTHY is quite delighted with her prize, and is determined to carry off many more. Little Guilders, look to your laurels! Yours is a very readable and entertaining letter, ELEANOR DARGAN, and I am glad of all your news. I shall certainly pray for your success, and trust you come through your examination with colours flying high. Do not forget to petition St. Gabriel, and ask him to lead you in the paths of success. Beautiful Arklow is the home-place of LILY WOODS, another newcomer. She is most welcome, and I hope her young heart will find a full measure of happiness in the Guild of St. Gabriel. I do not see your essay, Lily, but there is one unsigned paper on my desk, and there is no means of discovering the name of the author. Competitors should always take particular care to see that their names, ages, and addresses are written on their competition papers, otherwise such entries must be disqualified. Our little friend, JOE McSHORTALL never forgets us. The Guild would be a gloomy spot, indeed, without his cheery presence. You are growing up fast, Joe. I

see you have reached the dignity of eleven years. How is Breda? Are you expecting her home for Christmas?

THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best Christmas story the prize is awarded to EILEEN TRAINOR, *Cross and Passion College, Kilcullen, Co. Kildare.*

In the competition for the best essay on "The Glories of Christmas" the prize goes to SHEILA McANDREW, 42 Old Finglas Road, *Glasnevin, Dublin.*

In the competition for the best joke, the prize is awarded to MAURA BREEN, *Cross and Passion Convent, Kilcullen, Co. Kildare.*

JANUARY COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 16 TO 19—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "The Best Way to Keep New Year Resolutions."

FOR MEMBERS AGED 13 TO 16—A Prize is offered for the best welcome to the New Year, in prose or verse.

FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "How to pass a winter evening pleasantly."

SEND BEFORE DECEMBER 10TH.

○○○○○○○○

A Story about Nails

Whenever the bright blue nails would drop
Down on the floor of his carpenter shop,
Saint Joseph, prince of Carpenter men,
Would stoop to gather them up again;
For he feared for two little sandals sweet,
And very easy to pierce they were
As they pattered over the lumber there,
And rode on two little sacred feet.
Alas, on a hill between earth and heaven,
One day—two nails in a cross were driven,
And fastened it firm to the sacred feet,
Where once rode two little sandals sweet,
And Christ and His Mother look off in death
Afraid—to the Valley of Nazareth,
Where the carpenter's shop was spread with
dust.

And the little nails, all packed in rust
Sleep in a box on the window-sill;
And Joseph lay sleeping under the hill

LEONARD E. FEENEY, S.J.,
in the *Catholic Women's Review*,
Sydney, N.S.W.

St. Gabriel's Guild
COUPON DEC., 1936